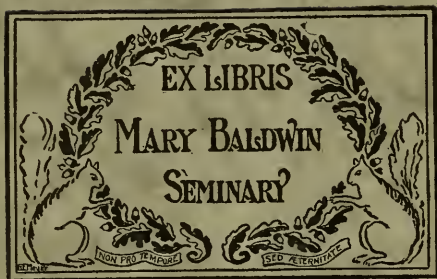


The
Bluestocking
1922






LIBRARY OF
MARY BALDWIN COLLEGE

Presented to

The library and the alumnae of Mary
Baldwin College in honor of Dr. Miriam
P. Higgins, by her sister, Miss Hallie
Higgins.

June, 1940.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
Lyrasis Members and Sloan Foundation

<http://www.archive.org/details/marybaldwinsemin1922mary>

The BLUESTOCKING

Published by

The Senior Literary Society



MARY BALDWIN SEMINARY
STAUNTON, VIRGINIA
1921-1922

In appreciation of her loyalty, her devotion, her
faithfulness, and her untiring efforts to
make the Seminary stand for all
that is truest and best
we dedicate this

The Bluestocking of 1922

to

Miss Helen S. D. Williamson

realizing that because of these
qualities that make her dear
to us, the Seminary is
a better place in
which to be



MISS HELEN S. P. WILLIAMSON

Foreword

IN PRESENTING this, our BLUESTOCKING of 1922 our aim has been to embody for your pleasure, a true account of the scholastic year. We have tried to depict for you not only the fun and folly, and the serious side of these past months, but also to set forth some of the feeling of good fellowship that we feel is prevalent in the Mary Baldwin Seminary. Perhaps our reach has exceeded our grasp, but we go to press unafraid for our trust in your lenient judgment is unbounded.

Board of Trustees

MARY BALDWIN SEMINARY

SESSION OF 1921-22

REV. A. M. FRASER, D. D.,
PRESIDENT

JUDGE J. M. QUARLES,
SECRETARY

HON. WILLIAM H. LANDES,
TREASURER

JAMES N. McFARLAND, ESQ.,
JAMES H. BLACKLEY, ESQ.,
HENRY D. PECK, ESQ.,
HON. HENRY ST. GEORGE TUCKER,
ARISTA HOGE, ESQ.,
HON. WILLIAM H. LANDES,
JOHN M. SPOTTS, ESQ.,
JAMES B. RAWLINGS, M. D.,
JAMES A. FULTON, ESQ.,
HUGH B. SPROUL, ESQ.,
D. GLENN RUCKMAN, ESQ.,

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

REV. A. M. FRASER, D. D.,
HENRY D. PECK, ESQ.,
HON. WILLIAM H. LANDES,
JUDGE J. M. QUARLES,
JAMES N. McFARLAND, ESQ.



MISS MARIANNA P. HIGGINS

PRINCIPAL

Officers and Teachers

MARIANNA P. HIGGINS,
PRINCIPAL

REV. A. M. FRASER, D. D.,
CHAPLAIN

WILLIAM WAYT KING,
BUSINESS MANAGER

EFFIE JOSEPHINE BATEMAN,
SECRETARY TO THE PRINCIPAL

MINNIE L. MCGUINNITY,
SECRETARY TO THE BUSINESS MANAGER

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

*EDITH LATANE, A. B.,
Goucher College,
HISTORY, PSYCHOLOGY (COLLEGIATE)

†ELIZABETH CAMPBELL HULLIHEN,
B. A., University of Chattanooga,
A. M., University of Chicago,
HISTORY, PSYCHOLOGY (COLLEGIATE)

*Absent for the year.

†Substituting for the year.

NORA BLANDING FRASER, A. B.,
Cornell University,
Graduate Work at Cornell University and The University
of Chicago,
HISTORY

NANCY WITHERSPOON MCFARLAND,
A. B., Cornell University,
A. M., Columbia University,
LATIN (COLLEGIATE)

VIRGINIA WATSON SWITZER, A. B.,
Cornell University,
MATHEMATICS (COLLEGIATE)

FLORA STUART,
B. S., Teachers' College, Columbia University,
A. M., Columbia University,
ENGLISH (COLLEGIATE)

MARY FRELINGHUYSEN HURLBURT, A. M.,
Wellesley College,
NATURAL SCIENCES

LOUISE G. DU PRE,
Graduate of L'Ecole de Normale à Paris,
Postgraduate of Collège à Nymègue,
Student of Johns Hopkins University,
Student of Columbia University,
FRENCH

SARAH MARSHALL CHORN, A. M.,
University of Kentucky,
Graduate Student of the University of Chicago,
SPANISH, ITALIAN, AND FRENCH

ALMA E. MONTGOMERY,
*Student at Columbia University,
Student at University of Virginia Summer School,*
THE ENGLISH BIBLE

EILEEN GORDON CALDWELL,
*Graduate of S. W. Virginia Seminary,
Student of University of the South,*
LITERATURE AND RHETORIC

LENA ROYSTER FONTAINE,
*Graduate Stonewall Jackson College,
Student of University of Virginia,*
LITERATURE AND RHETORIC

MARIE EDNA TIMBERLAKE, A. B.,
Goucher College,
LITERATURE AND RHETORIC

FANNIE BARTH STRAUSS,
*Graduate of Mary Baldwin Seminary,
Student at University of Virginia Summer School,
and the University of Chicago,*
LATIN

NINA PRICE,
Graduate of Mary Baldwin Seminary,
MATHEMATICS

INDIA OVERTON WHITE,
Graduate State Normal School, Farmville, Virginia,
PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT

MARY CAROLINE EISENBERG,
*Student Mary Baldwin Seminary,
Graduate State Normal School, Harrisonburg, Virginia,*
PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT

JAMES L. TEMPLETON,
Templeton's Business School,
BOOKKEEPING

MRS. FRANK L. YOUNT,
Graduate Dunsmore Business College,
Postgraduate Cross Eclectic School of Shorthand, Monrovia, Cal.,
SHORTHAND AND TYPEWRITING

HELEN S. P. WILLIAMSON,
Graduate of Mary Baldwin Seminary,
PRESIDING TEACHER

ABBIE MORRISON McFARLAND,
Graduate of Mary Baldwin Seminary,
LIBRARIAN

DEPARTMENT OF EXPRESSION

ARAH A. CORNELIUS,
B. O., Thorp Spring College,
Graduate Colorado Chautauqua School,
Graduate Curry School of Expression,
EXPRESSION

ART DEPARTMENT

GERTRUDE ELLEN MEYER,
Graduate Maryland Institute of Art and Design,
Pupil of Ephraim Keyser, Kinkaid School of Sculpture,
Student under Arthur W. Dow at Columbia University,
Student at Johns Hopkins University, Fine Arts Department,
DRAWING, PAINTING, DESIGN, ILLUSTRATION, CHINA

DEPARTMENT OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE AND ARTS

LYDIA DODGE MORSE,
*Normal Graduate of Boston Cooking School,
Columbia University,*
COOKING AND SEWING

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

C. F. W. EISENBERG,
Royal Conservatory, Leipzig,
DIRECTOR
PIANO, ORGAN, HARMONY, AND HISTORY OF MUSIC

WILMAR ROBERT SCHMIDT,
Royal Conservatory, Leipzig,
PIANO AND ORGAN

MARTHA PIGNOL,
*Pupil of Adele Leving, New York City,
Professors Ernest Jedliczka and Wilhelm Klatte,
Stern Conservatory, Berlin,*
PIANO

GRACE GUNNISON,
*Pupil of Marguerite Melville Lisznievska, Vienna,
Maude Anne Lincoln, Vienna,*
PIANO

WILMAR ROBERT SCHMIDT,
Royal Conservatory, Leipzig,
VIOLIN AND ORCHESTRA

NORMA SCHOOLAR,
*Pupil of Mme. Garrigue Mott and Signor Sapio, New York,
Hofkapellmeister Richard Lowy, Berlin,*
VOICE

PEARLE KIESTER,
Mary Baldwin Seminary,
Pupil of Mme. Leonora Reide, Washington, D. C., and
Signor Luigi Parisotti, New York,
VOICE

GERTRUDE L. EDMONDSON,
SUPERVISOR OF PRACTICE

DEPARTMENT OF PHYSICAL TRAINING

PRISCILLA CONARD BONES,
Graduate Central School of Hygiene and Physical Education,
New York City,
PHYSICAL TRAINING

HOME DEPARTMENT

LUCY BELL EDMONDSON,
MATRON

LUCY C. WALKER,
HOUSEKEEPER

LIZZIE ROBINSON,
ASSISTANT HOUSEKEEPER

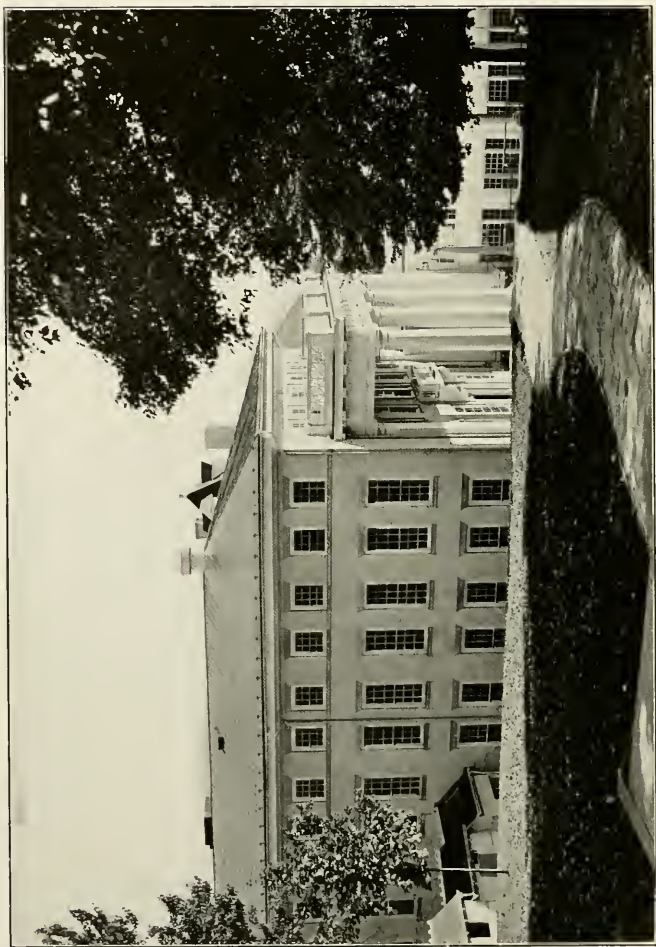
LYTLE PARKINS CRAWFORD,
ASSISTANT HOUSEKEEPER

HATTIE NIXON DILLON, R. N.,
Graduate of St. Luke's Hospital, Richmond, Va.,
INFIRMARY

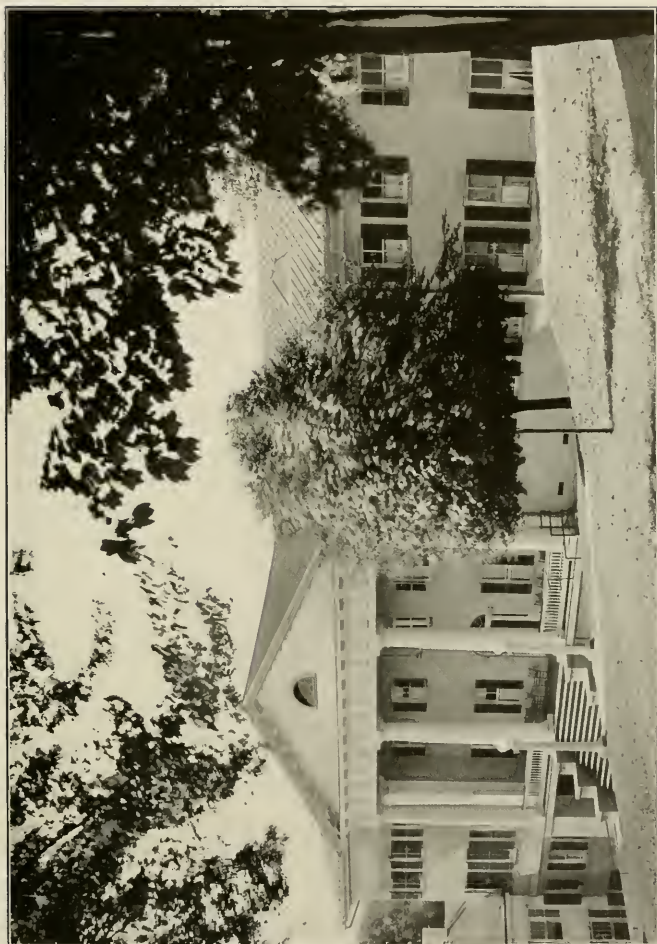
KENNETH BRADFORD, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING



ACADEMIC BUILDING



AGNES MCCLUNG HALL



MEMORIAL HALL AND HILL TOP

SENIORS



Senior Class Roll

Officers

<i>President</i>	MARY BENHAM MITCHELL
<i>Vice-President</i>	MARGARET VAN DEVANTER
<i>Secretary</i>	MARGARET BUILDER
<i>Treasurer</i>	MAITLAND THOMPSON
<i>Historian</i>	MARGARET VAN DEVANTER
<i>Prophet</i>	CONSTANCE CURRY
<i>Class Testator</i>	MARGARET BUILDER
<i>Class Poet</i>	MARY BENHAM MITCHELL

Members

ELIZABETH BIVINS
MARTHA BOXLEY
MARGARET BUILDER
CATHERINE CADMUS
CARMEN CERECEDO
CONSTANCE CURRY
THELMA KERR
EVELYN MARION
MARY BENHAM MITCHELL
GERTRUDE STICKLEY
MAITLAND THOMPSON
MARGARET VAN DEVANTER



MISS NANCY WITHERSPOON MCFARLAND
OUR PATRON

motto

Summa Summorum

flower

Forget-me-not

Colors

Light Blue and Gold



MARY BENHAM MITCHELL

Literary Graduate

STAUNTON, VA.

Mary's president of our class,
And of her we're justly proud,
From her golden reports we know
With unusual brains she's endowed.

ELIZABETH BIVINS

Graduate in Piano

CLEARWATER, FLA.

"Betty's" good in art and music,
And in three things she's wise,
For when it comes to vamping men,
You just ought to see those eyes.





CATHERINE CADMUS

Graduate in Piano

GLEN RIDGE, N. J.

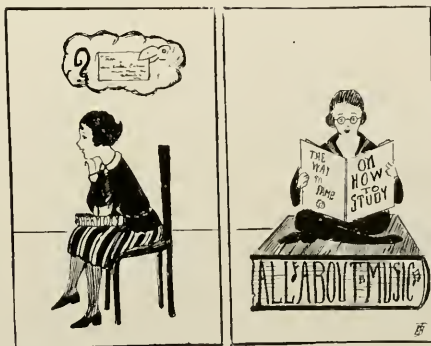
Catherine's a shark in music,
And though in harmony her thoughts
do stray,
There never will be a discord
If she gets the right note every day.

THELMA KERR

Graduate in Piano

STAUNTON, VA.

"Still water runs deep," you know,
So though Thelma has little to say,
She has a brighter mind
Than we've found in many a day.





GERTRUDE STICKLEY

Graduate in Piano

STRASBURG, VA.

To library and to practise hall
Gertrude faithfully goes each day.
And we'll have to hand it to her,
She most assuredly can play.

MARGARET VAN DEVANTER

Graduate in Piano

STAUNTON, VA.

For eight years Margaret's come here
to school,
So she's just crammed full of knowl-
edge;
And as president of our Y. W. C. A.
She's stood for the best in college.





MARTHA BOXLEY

Graduate in Expression

ORANGE, VA.

Sing a song of frat pins,
How many, we don't know,
Tell us—you old stringer—
How can you treat them so?

MARGARET BUILDER

Graduate in Expression

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

Admired and loved by every one,
Our "Maggie" just can't be beat,
With all her beauty, charm, and wit
No wonder men fall at her feet.





CONSTANCE CURRY

Graduate in Expression

STAUNTON, VA.

Constance is good in expression,
 'Specially in expressing her mind,
 But a more determined and sensible girl,
 It would be very hard to find.

EVELYN MARION

Graduate in Expression

ELIZABETHTOWN, KY.

Now, Evelyn's fine in expression,
 And we know that isn't all,
 She does whatever she starts to do,
 Whether it's big or small.





MAITLAND THOMPSON

Graduate in Expression

L'UMBERTON, N. C.

Here's to the little girl of our class
 Her reciting has won her a "rep."
 But she has won our hearts as well
 By her sweetness and her pep.

CARMEN CERECEDO

Graduate in Art

PORTA RICA

Cute little Carmen with her Pep(e)
 We usually find at her art,
 We admire her talent for drawing,
 'Specially the way she draws a heart.



Class History



INETEEN TWENTY-TWO! How quickly the time has gone by, and we are actually seniors! Yes, and we have a history, too. Of course, we have originality, but after all we are not so different from other classes. Just about the same trials and tribulations, joys and pleasures have come to our predecessors, but they have never been ours before, and that is just the reason why we must record some of them here in this small space.

Just before mid-term exams in 1921 our class was organized. It was on one Saturday morning. Miss Higgins came in and gave us an inspiring talk, and then we chose our class patron, Miss Nancy McFarland, and elected our officers. Mary Benham Mitchell was chosen President with Margaret Van Devanter Vice-President, Hardenia Wyse, Secretary, and Lois Jennings, Treasurer, but, much to our sorrow, Hardenia and Lois deserted us this year. We have now, however, Margaret Builder and Maitland Thompson in their places. When we left the room that morning, we felt as if Mary Baldwin Seminary belonged solely to the Junior Class, but since then we have become seniors, and wise enough to know that it didn't.

Mary Benham Mitchell, who lives in Staunton, is our only literary graduate this year, and as for "golden reports"—she is familiar with no other kind. What a list of expression graduates we have! There's Maitland Thompson from North Carolina, Margaret Builder of Alabama, Evelyn Marion from Kentucky, and two daughters of Old Virginia, Martha Boxley from Orange, and Constance Curry of Staunton. In piano and art we also have a good representation. Carmen Cerecedo, from Spain, graduates in art, and Elizabeth Bivins is doing a very extraordinary thing in getting two diplomas, one in art and the other in piano. The rest, who are all piano graduates, are Thelma Kerr from near Staunton, Gertrude Stickley of Strasburg, Va., Catherine Cadmus from New Jersey, and Margaret Van Devanter of Staunton.

Our social life as a class has been quite delightful. Soon after we were organized, Mary Benham Mitchell gave us a lovely Valentine party at her home. Before long Miss McFarland, who has been our firm friend and constant helper, entertained us at Miss Trout's, and the memory of that evening will long be with us. Then came the Junior-Senior party when we decked the Girls' Parlor in gala attire and were hostesses to the Class of '21. But oh, how important we did feel when commencement rolled around and we were invited to the Alumnæ Banquet! That event, if you will pardon a bit of school-girl vernacular, was just "too wonderful for words," as we sat at a table all our own and listened to the reminiscences from the classes gone before us.

Our first thrilling moment this year was when we walked out for the first time wearing our "beautiful" pins with a "'22" guard attached. It was thrilling, indeed, to have girls come up, look at them and then, with longing eyes and envious tones say, "I wish I were a senior." Again Miss McFarland has entertained us, this time over at her "rooms," and we all found very promising futures stored up for us in our Chinese fortunes. And again the Girls' Parlor has been the scene of feasting and revelry, but on this occasion it was only a dinner party at which we enjoyed having Miss Higgins and Miss McFarland with us. Mary Benham has certainly been our friend, too, for what did she do but invite us to her house again on George Washington's Birthday? We had a delightful time and never shall forget our lovely "hatchet and cherry" dinner.

And this is not all—the next few months hold many more good times in store for us, for this year there is another Junior class, and of course that means a party for us when we shall be guests instead of hostesses as we were a year ago. Then there are rides and picnics to come, but best (?) of all, commencement. Though we shall part with sad hearts, as some of us may possibly not meet again, yet the bond of friendship between the twelve girls of the Class of '22 will never, we believe, be broken.



Class Prophecy



THE most stupendous fact in modern science is the power of the wish. By this means, according to our most advanced thinkers, civilization has reached its present development." I had reached this point in my magazine article, when Julia rushed in upon me with the information that if I wanted to see a miracle, I should go with her at once to Mr. Brown's laboratory. She had just come from there, she said, and that simply by intense thinking, and the pushing of a button, one could see and talk with anyone, no matter how far away they might be. I assented eagerly.

Seated in the laboratory before the instrument, which Mr. Brown explained was the latest thing in amplifiers, I had a great desire to see what changes the last ten years had wrought in the fortunes of my class of 1922. If intensity of wishing and the pushing of a lever would, as the scientist assured me, put me in touch with my classmates, the thing was already as good as done.

So I wished and pushed the lever and almost instantly I was within the chapel at Mary Baldwin. I found it filled with girls listening in rapt attention to marvelous music, and I listened as entranced as they. When the music ceased, I learned that what we had been hearing was the most famous concert of the season, given at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York by Catherine Cadmus and her husband, William Roux. In loving remembrance of Catherine's happy days there, the couple had given to Mary Baldwin an amplifier so that the college girls would have the benefit of New York's best concerts.

I looked around the old chapel for familiar faces, and whom should my eyes rest upon but Mary Benham Mitchell, who after graduating at Vassar and spending several years abroad, was now the head of the Latin Department of her Alma Mater?

Again I wished and operated the instrument in front of me; the scene shifted rapidly to a famous New York hospital. Into this apartment came a beautiful woman. She consulted in deep tones with the nurse who had risen at her entrance. I caught the sentence, "Yes, Dr. Thompson, your patient is resting better now." When she turned around to leave the room, I recognized Maitland Thompson, now a famous practitioner.

After this I wished to see the Harvard apartments in Boston. In the lobby there I saw an attractive young woman whom I knew as Martha Boxley, now the wife of one of Boston's leading specialists. I noticed an extremely well dressed woman standing not far from us, and Martha turned to me and said, "You should remember her; she is Elizabeth Bivins, now Mrs. Kirkpatrick, whose ambition it is to be the best dressed woman in Boston. After leaving Mary Baldwin

she attended Harvard, where, true to her former flapper reputation, she soon won a husband."

After talking a while Martha suggested that I call up the Curry School of Expression that evening and hear a reading to be given by one of its most famous graduates, Miss Evelyn Marion, but I was obliged, though with many regrets, to decline the invitation.

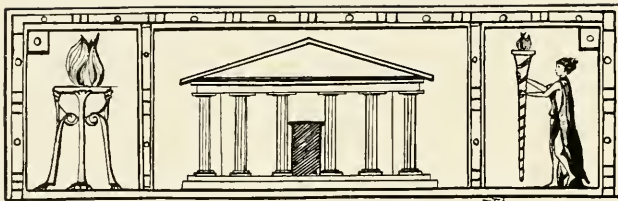
The next place I wished for and saw was Havana. The first thing my eyes rested upon was an airship which had unfortunately been forced to land in the midst of a sugar cane field, and, in so doing, had done quite a good deal of damage. The irate planter quickly appeared upon the scene demanding reparation. The occupants of the machine had called for the best known lawyer of the section, who I was surprised and delighted to find was the husband of my beautiful little Spanish classmate, Carmen Cerecedo. True to the hospitality of the island he, after settling the difficulty, asked his clients to go home with him to dinner. I followed them there and found the strangers were not to be the only guests, for whom should I see but Gertrude Stickley, the same calm, dignified girl of former days, now a professor in the largest American college on the island.

After having seen all I cared to see of Havana, the thought came to me—why not visit China too? Almost immediately the rather progressive little city of Hankow appeared. Since it was Sunday, I decided to attend church, and whom should I find fully demonstrating a woman's ability to accomplish big things but Margaret Van Devanter? She was standing in the pulpit preaching to an audience of interested listeners. She was the head of the missionary work of that district and pastor of its large church.

After the service the scene shifted and I found myself in front of a large modern American confectionery store. A handsome American came forward and introduced himself to a young man who had just entered. The name sounded strangely familiar, and I recognized it as one I had often heard during my days at Mary Baldwin. It brought to my mind the pretty, happy face of Margaret Builder. I was delighted to find she was now his wife. The molasses business had outgrown the bounds of the United States, so he had established a chain of confectionery stores in China.

Before ending my adventure I thought I would take one more glimpse at my native town. The Blue Ridge mountains and the broad Shenandoah Valley never appeared so beautiful and so restful. I saw an attractive rose-covered bungalow with a path leading up to the door. After all the different places I had visited, the peace and quiet of this exquisite little scene seemed to me the embodiment of human happiness. Sitting on the porch was a lady dressed in white. She was none other than Thelma Kerr, now the wife of one of the state's leading specialists. This did not surprise me, for Thelma and her husband had grown up in the same town and were sweethearts for many years.

CONSTANCE CURRY.



Senior Class Poem

Mother, built on summit's crest,
Home of those who seek the height,
Hold on high thy flaming torch,
Shed o'er us thy beacon light!

Like the chief of ancient tribe
Thou hast built thy signal fire,
Gleaming through a land of shadows,
Mounting ever high and higher.

And thy children, in the distance,
Who have left thy halls before,
Answer back with lighted torches,
Caught from thy unbounded store.

So may we, in years to come,
With our faces toward thy light,
Make our lives the signal fire,
Flaming on a lofty height.

MARY BENHAM MITCHELL.

Senior Class Will



WE, THE SENIOR CLASS of Mary Baldwin Seminary, Staunton, Virginia, being of sound mind and disposing memory, do hereby make and declare this our last will and testament, hereby revoking all other wills by us at any time made.

We give and bequeath to the Junior Class:—Mary Benham Mitchell's brains; Margaret Van De Vanter's quietness; Carmen Cerecedo's Spanish mannerisms; Maitland Thompson's power to captivate an audience; Martha Boxley's unselfishness; Evelyn Marion's luxuriant hair, with the hope that it may prove useful to Junior "bobs"; Thelma Kerr's height; Constance Grime's ability to argue; Catherine Cadmus' sweetness; Gertrude Stickley's tuneful fingers; Elizabeth Bivins' rolling eyes; Margaret Builder's executive ability.

We appoint Nancy Lee Hendon, President of the Junior Class, to be executrix of this will.

Witness our hand this 27th day of May, 1922.

THE SENIOR CLASS.

The signature of the testators, the Senior Class, was made and acknowledged by them, in the presence of us, two competent witnesses present at the same time, this 27th day of May, 1922.

Witnesses:

NANCY McFARLAND,
FLORA STUART.



HERE AND THERE WITH THE SENIOR CLASS



JUNIORS

Junior Class

Officers

<i>President</i>	NANCY LEE HENDON
<i>Vice-President</i>	MARY LOVE BABINGTON
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	DOUGLAS SUMMERS
<i>Class Patron</i>	MISS FLORA STUART

Motto

Carpe diem

Flower

Wisteria

Colors

Black and White

Members

MARY GOODLOE BILLINGS
VIRGINIA CARR
EVELYN CARPENTER
LUCY PAGE COFFMAN
CAROLYN EAGLE
MARGUERITE EDGAR
FRANCES GOTTEN
MARY LILY HEARNE
LOUISE HODGES
MARY JACKSON
MARJORIE JOHNSON
GLADYS PARKER
PAULINE WELLER





DOMESTIC SCIENCE DINING ROOM



Domestic Science Seniors

MARY LOVE BABINGTON
 GRAY DEANS
 MARY FORD FINCH
 LOLITA CRUSER
 ANNA WOLF

MIRIAN BRISTOR
 NATALIE LAURENCE
 HARRIET SPROUL
 KATHRYN COX
 ALICE MONTGOMERY

WE BELIEVE

That home-making should be regarded as a profession.

That on the home foundation is built all that is good in state or individual.

That economy does not mean spending a small amount of money, but in getting the largest returns for the money expended.

That the home-maker should be as alert to make progress in her life-work as the business or professional man.

That the most profitable, the most interesting study for women is the home, for in it center all of the issues of life.

That the study of home problems may be made of no less cultural value than the study of history or literature, and that it is much more immediate.

The Transforming Power

It gave
To me
A feeling queer,
As if
My life
Were gay, not drear.

Before,
I knew
That I was sad,
But now,
The world
For me is glad.

I can't
Explain
That glorious thought
That God
Into
My heart has brought
The wondrous power of love!

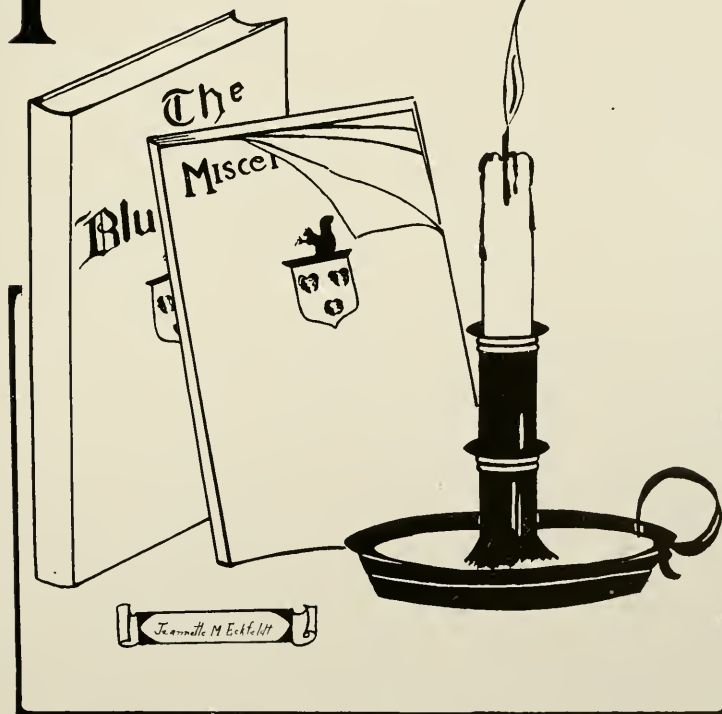
Winter

The sky is white
And the snow is white
And the world is white today,
And the road that leads
O'er the mountain top
Is a gleaming milky way.

Oh, the wind is gay
And the snow flakes play
And the world is a joyous place :
And the heart sings low
That the sun-lit snow
Is a smile on a great white face.

ELIZABETH WILSON.

P^ublications



Miscellany Staff

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	MARY GOODLOE BILLINGS
<i>Associate Editor</i>	EVELYN MARION
<i>Social Editor</i>	KATHRYN COX
<i>Exchange Editor</i>	SUSANNAH DODGE
<i>Business Manager</i>	MARY LOVE BABINGTON
<i>Advertising Editor</i>	EMELYN WYSE
<i>Alumnæ Editor</i>	MISS STRAUSS
<i>Faculty Adviser</i>	MISS STUART



MISCELLANY STAFF



BLUE STOCKING-STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

NANCY LEE HENDON

BUSINESS MANAGER

LOLITA CRUSER

ADVERTISING EDITOR

CHARLINE KIRZOFF

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

MARY DENHAM MITCHELL

WATIE DALE MITCHELL

LAURA VAUGHN

LEUISE HODGES

ART EDITORS

MARY ELIZABETH SEAGER

MARGARET SKILLMAN

JOKE EDITOR

ELSIE JONES



The Athletic Spirit

The Athletic Spirit is a paper published semi-monthly by the Athletic Association. Its object is to bring to the attention of the student body just what the Athletic Association is accomplishing in school.

The staff is composed of the council members, namely:

GRAY DEANS

MARY FORD FINCH

ELOISE ALLEN

RETTA CONEY

MARY ELIZABETH SEAGER

ELSIE JONES

ANNA WOLF

EMILY PITZER KYLE

Faculty AdviserMISS BONES



BACKWARD VIEWS



F. HARRIS

D. W. C. A. Cabinet

<i>Faculty Adviser</i>	MISS MONTGOMERY
<i>President</i>	MARGARET VAN DEVANTER
<i>Vice-President</i>	MARGARET BUILDER
<i>Recording Secretary</i>	KATHRYN CRANE COX
<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>	LOUISE HODGES
<i>Treasurer</i>	CLAIBORNE O'NEAL
<i>Chairman Program Committee</i>	NANCY LEE HENDON
<i>Chairman Social Committee</i>	LOLITA CRUSER
<i>Chairman Social Service Committee</i>	MAITLAND THOMPSON
<i>Chairman Missionary Committee</i>	VIRGINIA BULL
<i>Chairman Bible Study Committee</i>	MARTHA BOXLEY
<i>Chairman Room Committee</i>	ALICE MONTGOMERY
<i>Chairman Publicity Committee</i>	LUCY PAGE COFFMAN
<i>Chairman Entertainment Committee</i>	HENRI SINCLAIR
<i>Undergraduate Representative</i>	MARY GOODLOE BILLINGS



Y. W. C. A. CABINET



D. W. C. A. Committee

Purpose

"Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts,"—Zechariah 3:6.

Purpose

To live as a true follower of the Lord Jesus Christ.
To seek to lead others to a life of fellowship with Him.

Religious Services

Morning Watch Thursday, 8:00 a. m.
Bible Study Oct., Nov., Wednesday, 3:00 p. m.
World Fellowship, Feb., Mar., Wednesday 3:00 p. m.
Y. W. C. A. Sabbath, 6:30 p. m.
Cabinet Tuesday, 6:30 p. m.

Members of D. W. C. A.

The Entire Student Body



Heads of Organizations

EMILY PITZER KYLE	<i>President of the Senior Literary Society</i>
ALPHONSINE STEWART	<i>President of the Junior Literary Society</i>
ELOISE ALLEN	<i>President of the Hawthorne Literary Society</i>
DOUGLAS SUMMERS	<i>President of History Club</i>
GRACE WILLIAMS	<i>La Prisedente Il Club Italiano</i>
VIRGINIA HENDERLITE	<i>President of the Latin Club</i>
MAITLAND THOMPSON	<i>President of the Dramatic Club</i>
CARMEN CERECEDO	<i>President of the Art Club</i>

Senior Literary Society

Officers

<i>President</i>	EMILY PITZER KYLE
<i>Vice-President</i>	ANNE HARDIE
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	MARY LOVE BABINGTON

Members

ANDERSON, BERNICE	HENDERLITE, VIRGINIA	PALMER, VIRGINIA
ALBERT, RUTH	HENDON, NANCY LEE	PERKINS, MARY ELIZABETH
BABINGTON, MARY LOVE	HENDERSON, ELEANOR	PIERCE, GERTRUDE
BASKERVILLE, MARIAN	HODGES, LOUISE	RANKIN, LOUISE
BENSON, HELEN	HOLLISTER, KATHERINE	RHETT, LILA
BILLINGS, MARY GOODLOE	HOY, ELIZABETH	SAUNDERS, MARGARET
BOWEN, MARY ELLEN	HUTCHINSON, MARY FRANCES	SCHENCK, SALLIE
BOXIEY, MARTHA	JACKSON, MARY	SEAGER, MARY ELIZABETH
BUILDER, MARGARET	JONES, ELSIE	SHOEMAKER, DOROTHY
CARPENTER, EVELYN	KELLER, INEZ	SEIBERT, ESTELLE
CASON, LILLIAN	KIRACOFE, CHARLENE	SINCLAIR, HENRI
CHEW, ELVA LEE	KERR, THELMA	SKILLMAN, MARGARET
COX, KATHRYN	KYLE, EMILY PITZER	SMITH, FLORENCE
CRENSHAW, SARAH	LAMPKIN, LOIS	SMITH, MARY THORPE
CROWELL, LOIS	LAMPKIN, LUCY	SPROUL, FRANCES
CRUSER, LOLITA	LISTER, LUCILE	STICKLEY, GERTRUDE
CURRY, CONSTANCE	LAURENCE, MARY LOUISE	SUMMERS, DOUGLAS
DANIEL, MARGARET	MARION, EVELYN	THOMPSON, MAITLAND
DAVIS, MARY ELLEN	MARSHALL, GLENORA	THOMPSON, RUTH
DEANS, GRAY	MARTIN, ROCIER	TYNES, MARGARET
DODGE, SUSANNAH	McASHAN, LUCILE	VAN DEVANTER, MARGARET
DUFFIE, MARJORIE	McCURRY, JENNIE MAE	VAUGHAN, LAURA
GASTOR, CORINNE	MITCHELL, KATIE DALE	WAGAMAN, ANNA
GLICK, HOPE	MITCHELL, MARY BENHAM	WEBSTER, LOIS
GILBERT, HELENE	MORGAN, VIVIAN	WILLIAMS, FANNIE
GOTTEN, FRANCES	NOTTINGHAM, FANNIE	WILSON, ELIZABETH
HARDIE, ANNE	OGDEN, KATHERINE	WYSE, HARDENIA
HARRIS, ELIZABETH	PALMER, MARIAN	YATES, EMILY
HARRISON, NINA		ZIMMERMAN, MARY ELIZABETH

Junior Literary Society

Officers

<i>President</i>	ALPHONSINE STEWART
<i>Vice-President</i>	CATHERINE CARSON
<i>Secretary</i>	CHARLOTTE WALLACE
<i>Treasurer</i>	LUCY PAGE COFFMAN
<i>Captain Orange Side</i>	MARY G. WOOD
<i>Captain Black Side</i>	VIRGINIA BULL
<i>Faculty Adviser</i>	MISS CALDWELL

Members

PAULINE ADAMS	ANNE DERBYSHIRE	ELIZABETH PUTNAM
NELLA AVERY	JEANETTE ECKFELDT	MACON PETTYJOHN
GERTRUDE BROWN	ELEANOR FOLK	MARY C. PATTERSON
VIRGINIA BULL	MONICA FRISCHKORN	VIRGINIA REAY
ALICE BUCHANAN	MARGARET FOREMAN	ALYSE RUMPF
FLORENCE BROOKS	VIVIAN GAY	EDYTHE RUMPF
DOROTHY BELL	FRANCES GATEWOOD	HILDA RICHARDSON
MARGARET BISHOP	MARTHA GRIFFIN	CHARLOTTE RUSHTON
ANNE BOYD	MARGARET GAGE	VIRGINIA STEVENS
CATHERINE CARSON	JANE HARMAN	BETTY STEVENS
LOLITA CRUSER	LUCY HENEBERGER	MARGARET SPRAGINS
LOUISE CLARK	MARY LILY HEARNE	HESTER SHAW
LUCY PAGE COFFMAN	VIRGINIA HEARNE	ALPHONSINE STEWART
VIRGINIA CARR	ELIZABETH HUFMAN	AGNES TERRELL
LUCILE CON	VIRGINIA LOWMAN	ELIZABETH TERRELL
RETTA CONEY	MARIAN LISTER	MAURINE TULLY
CARMEN CERECEDO	FRANCES LEYS	LOUISE VENABLE
GERTRUDE DOLL	CATHERINE MCKNIGHT	MONA VAN HORN
GRAY DEANS	MARIE MURRAY	SARAH WELLS
JANE DENNIS	ANNA MAXWELL	ELIZABETH MC WILSON
DOROTHEA DORSON	HELEN MCCLUER	MARY WINN
JOSEPHINE DONOVAN	ALICE MONTGOMERY	OZELIA WHITE
MARIAN DANIEL	VIVIAN MURRAY	GRACE WILLIAMS
CATHERINE DAVIS	MARJORIE MYER	MARY G. WOOD
LOUISE DYESS	VIRGINIA MANTZ	ANNA WOLF
AGNES DUNLOP	MARY MCCOLLUM	IRMA WARFIELD
	EVELYN ORR	

Hawthorne Literary Society

Officers

<i>President</i>	ELOISE ALLEN
<i>Vice-President</i>	VIRGINIA BOXLEY
<i>Secretary</i>	ELLEN MORRIS
<i>Treasurer</i>	RACHEL CRESWELL

Members

MARJORIE ADAMS	KITTY LAMBERT
EMMA BOXLEY	BESSIE MORRIS
MARION BULLETT	ATIE McDONALD
SUE BENSON	JUNE NEWBOLD
VIRGINIA CUMMINGS	ELIZABETH POTTER
LUCY HEATH	ELIZABETH PAYNE
FLORENCE HARDEMAN	KATHERINE PEATROSS
ELIZABETH KINGMAN	INEZ RICHARDS
COREAETHERS LANDIS	AGNES SPROUL
CHARLOTTE LLEWELLYN	MARY G. TAYLOR

ANNE WILSON

History Club

Officers

<i>President</i>	DOUGLAS SUMMERS
<i>Vice-President</i>	EVELYN MARION
<i>Treasurer</i>	LAURA VAUGHAN
<i>Secretary</i>	HOPE GLICK
<i>Faculty Advisers</i>	MISS HULLIHEN ; MISS FRASER

Members

RUTH ALBERT	MARIAN LEVI
BERNYCE ANDERSON	LUCILE McASHAN
VIRGINIA AARONSON	EVELYN MARION
MARGERV ADAMS	ANNA MAXWELL
MARION BASKERVILLE	MARIE MURRAY
MARY ELLEN BOWEN	MARY B. MITCHELL
JOSEPHINE BARKMAN	MARTHA MONG
ELIZABETH BIVINS	VIVIAN MORGAN
ALICE BUCHANAN	AGNES NOLAN
ELVA LEE CHEW	MARY C. PATTERSON
SARAH CRENSHAW	MARY E. PERKINS
CONSTANCE CURRY	GERTRUDE PIERCE
MARGARET DANIELS	VIRGINIA REAY
LUCY DENTON	SALLIE SCHENCK
CAROLYN EAGLE	ESTELLE SEIBERT
MARGUERITE EDGAR	MARGARET SKILLMAN
MARIAN FRAZIER	EUGENIA SPROUL
ELEANOR FOLK	DOUGLAS SUMMERS
CORINE GASTER	MARGARET SPRAGINS
HOPE GLICK	FRANCES SPROUL
RUSSELL GUERRANT	AUGUSTA SMITH
KATHERINE HOLLISTER	ELIZABETH TERRELL
ELIZABETH HUFMAN	MARGARET TYNES
MARY FRANCES HUTCHISON	MARGARET VAN DEVANTER
LOIS LAMPKIN	LAURA VAUGHAN
LUCY LAMPKIN	ELIZABETH WILSON

EMELYN WYSE

Spanish Club

Officers

<i>President</i>	VIVIAN MURRAY
<i>Vice-President</i>	ELIZABETH HOY
<i>Secretary</i>	JEANNETTE ECKFELDT
<i>Treasurer</i>	JANE DENNIS

Members

DOROTHY BELL	EMILY PITZER KYLE
CAROLYN BENSON	FRANCES LEYS
HELEN BENSON	MARION LEVI
FLORENCE BROOKS	HELEN McCLUER
ALICE BUCHANAN	MACON PETTYJOHN
MARIAN BULLETT	DIXIE TAYLOR
FRANCES CARLETON	RUTH THOMPSON
MARGERY DUFFIE	PAULINE WELLER
MONICA FRISCHKORN	FANNIE WILLIAMS
HELENE GILBERT	ANNA WILSON
ELEANOR HENDERSON	DOROTHY WOODS

Il Club Italiano

Il Motto

Meglio tardi che mai

La Fiore

La rosa

I Colori

Rosso, bianco, everdi

Le Ufficiali

<i>La Presidente</i>	GRACE WILLIAMS
<i>La Segretaria</i>	GLADYS PARKER
<i>La Tesoreria</i>	MARY GRAY WOOD
<i>Le Direttore</i>	LA SIGNORINA CHORN

Le Membre

GIFFIN, G.

HOLLISTER, C.

PARKER, GLADYS

WOOD, M. G.

WILLIAMS, G.

Latin Club

Officers

<i>President</i>	VIRGINIA HENDERLITE
<i>Vice-President</i>	ALPHONSINE STEWART
<i>Secretary</i>	ROCIER MARTIN
<i>Treasurer</i>	AUGUSTA SMITH
<i>Directors</i>	MISS MCFARLAND, MISS STRAUSS

Members

BILLINGS, MARY GOODLOE	HUFFMAN, ELIZABETH
BRUEN, NAN	KIRACOFE, CHARLENE
BULL, VIRGINIA	LISTER, MARION
CARLETON, FRANCES	MARTIN, ROCIER
CARSON, CATHERINE	MARSHALL, GLENORA
CURRY, DOROTHY	MITCHELL, MARY BENHAM
DANIEL, MARION	MOSELEY, FRANCES
DERBYSHIRE, ANNE	NOLAN, AGNES
DOLL, GERTRUDE	OGDEN, KATHERINE
DUNLOP, AGNES	OLIVIER, ELIZABETH
EDGAR, MARGUERITE	RATCHFORD, ETHEL
FOLK, ELEANOR	SMITH, AUGUSTA
GLICK, HOPE	STEWART, ALPHONSINE
GRAVES, AUDREY	TULLY, MAURINE
HEARNE, MARY	VAN HORN, MONA
HEARNE, VIRGINIA	WARFIELD, IRMA
HENDERLITE, VIRGINIA	WELLS, SARAH
HENDON, NANCY LEE	WILLIAMS, GRACE
HOLLISTER, KATHERINE	WILSON, ELIZABETH

WOODS, DOROTHY

Dramatic Club

MISS ARA CORNELIUS, *Director*

Officers

<i>President</i>	MAITLAND THOMPSON
<i>Vice-President</i>	MARY LOVE BABINGTON
<i>Secretary</i>	CONSTANCE CURRY
<i>Treasurer</i>	MARTHA BOXLEY
<i>Reporter</i>	MARGARET BUILDER

Members

MARJORIE ADAMS	LILLIAN CASON	AITIE McDONALD
MARGARET BUILDER	VIRGINIA CARR	BESSIE MORRIS
MARY LOVE BABINGTON	CONSTANCE CURRY	EDYTHE RUMPF
MARTHA BOXLEY	HELENE GILBERT	MARY ELIZABETH SEAGER
MARY ELLEN BOWEN	LOUISE HODGES	AGNES TERRELL
SUE BENSON	MARY JACKSON	MAITLAND THOMPSON
DOROTHY BELL	KATHARINE MCKNIGHT	RUTH THOMPSON
RETTA CONEY	EVELYN MARION	CAROLINE WARNER
	KATIE DALE MITCHELL	

DIRECTOR'S RECITAL
CURRY MEMORIAL PROGRAM

MISCELLANEOUS PROGRAM
DRAMATIC RECITAL

GRADUATES' RECITALS



Art Club

Officers

<i>President</i>	CARMEN CERECEO	<i>Secretary</i>	SUSANNAH DODGE
<i>Vice-President</i>	LUCY PAGE COFFMAN	<i>Treasurer</i>	JEANETTE ECKFELDT
	MISS MEYER, <i>Faculty Adviser</i>		

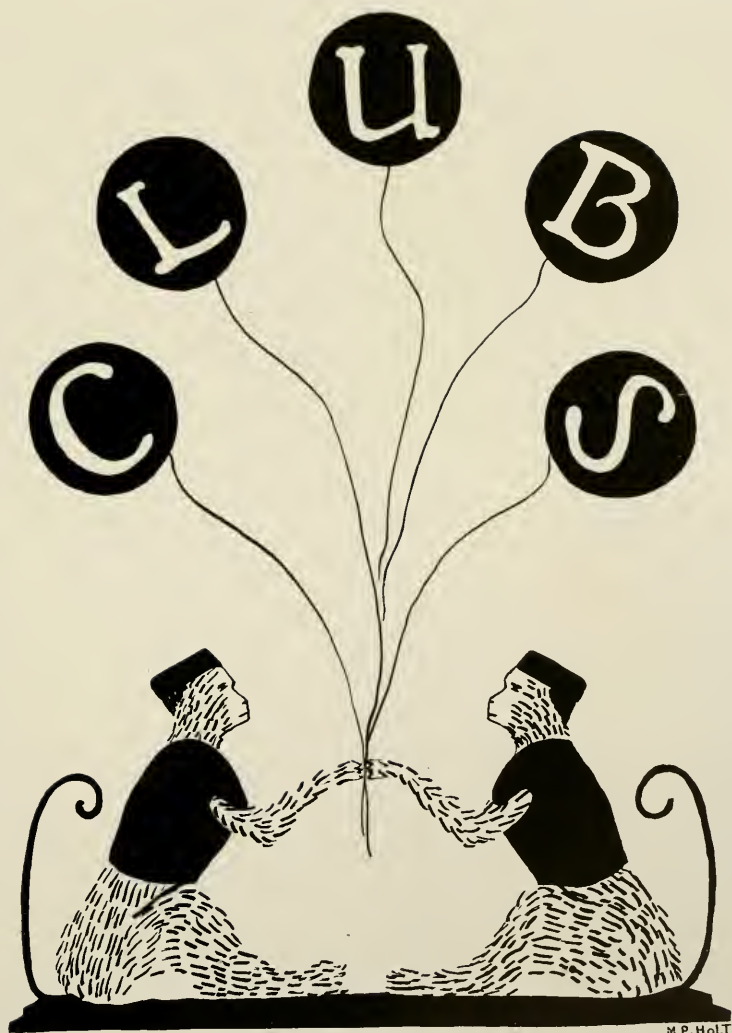
Members

NELLA AVERY
 ELIZABETH LAVINS
 OLIVE BLANKERN
 ELIZABETH BROWN
 ELEANOR FOLK
 MARIAN FRASIER
 FRANCES GATEWOOD

ELIZABETH HARRIS
 MARGARET HOLT
 MARGORIE JOHNSON
 INEZ KELLER
 LUCY LAMPKIN
 LOIS LAMPKIN
 VIRGINIA MANTZ

ANNA MAXWELL
 MARTHA MONGE
 VIVIAN MURRAY
 INEZ RICHARDS
 MARY ELIZABETH SEAGER
 DOROTHY SHOEMAKER
 MARGARET SKILLMAN

EMELYN WYSE



M.P. Holt



Virginia Club

President LOLITA CRUSER

Motto

Sic semper tyrannis

Song

Carry Me Back to Old Virginy

flower

Wall Flower

Members

PAULINE ADAMS
MARY ELLEN BOWEN
MARTHA BOXLEY
EMMA BOXLEY
VIRGINIA BOXLEY
FLORENCE BROOKS
EVA COOK
LOLITA CRUSER
MARIAN DANIEL
ANNE DERBYSHIRE
MONICA FRISCHKORN

GUSSIE GIFFIN
AUDREY GRAVES
JANE HARMAN
NINA HARRISON
FRANCES LEYS
VIRGINIA LOWMAN
VIRGINIA MANTZ
FANNIE NOTTINGHAM
LILLIAN NOTTINGHAM
VIRGINIA PALMER

KATHERINE PEATROSS
MACON PETTIJOHN
HILDA RICHARDSON
MARGARET SAUNDERS
SALLIE SCHENK
FRANCES SPROUL
GERTRUDE STICKLEY
DOUGLAS SUMMERS
MARGARET VAN DEVANTER
LOIS WEBSTER
OZELIA WHITE



West Virginia Club

Motto

Montani semper liberi

flower

Rhododendron

Colors

Blue and Gold

Song

The West Virginia Hills

President JOSEPHINE DONOVAN

Members

VIRGINIA CARR
CAROLYN EAGLE
JUANITA FOUGHT
GEORGIA GAINER

HELENE GILBERT
MARY JACKSON
ROCIE MARTIN
AGNES NOLAN

VIRGINIA REAY
MAURINE TULLY
RUTH THOMPSON
MARY ELIZABETH ZIMMERMAN



Carolina Club

Motto

Esse quam videri

Flower

Pine

Colors

Carolina Sunshine

President GRAY DEANS

Members

MARY LOVE BABINGTON
ALICE BUCHANAN
LOIS CROWELL
MARGARET DEANS
MARY FORD FINCH
MARGARET FOREMAN
ANNE HARDIE

ELIZABETH HARRIS
LUCY HEATH
MARY LILY HEARNE
VIRGINIA HEARNE
VIRGINIA HENDERLITE
LOUISE HODGES
FRANCES MOSELEY
CLAIBORNE O'NEAL

MARY E. PERKINS
LILA RHETT
SALLIE SCHENCK
MARY THORPE SMITH
MAITLAND THOMPSON
SARAH WELLS
CATHERINE WELLS



Maryland Club

Motto

Work hard, think straight, live square

flower

Black-eyed Susan

Colors

Orange and Black

Song

Maryland, My Maryland

President ELIZABETH HUFMAN

Members

VIRGINIA AARONSON

SUE BENSON

HELEN BENSON

KATHERINE DAVIS

MARY ELLEN DAVIS

DOROTHEA DOBSON

ALICE LEMEN

GRACE WILLIAMS

MONA VAN HORN

ANNE WILSON

ANNA WAGAMAN

IRMA WARFIELD

MARGARET SPRAGINS



Georgia Club

Motto

Everything is peaches down in Georgia

Flower

Peach Blossom

Colors

White and Green

PresidentELOISE ALLEN

Members

NELLA AVERY

RETTA CONEY

LOUISE DYESS

MARTHA GRIFFIN

FLORENCE HARDEMAN

INEZ KELLER

LUCY LAMPKIN

LOIS LAMPKIN

VIVIAN MORGAN

JENNIE MAE MCCURRY

KATIE DALE MITCHELL

MARY CAMPBELL PATTERSON

HENRI SINCLAIR

ELIZABETH TERRELL

ANNA WOLF



Dixie Club

Motto

They made it twice as nice as Paradise and called it Dixieland

Flower

Black-eyed Susan

Officers

<i>President</i>	MARGARET BUILDER
<i>Vice-President</i>	ALICE MONTGOMERY
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	SUSANNAH DODGE

Members

RUTH ALBERT
MARION BASKERVILLE
ELIZABETH BIVINS
ANNE BOYD
GERTRUDE BROWN
MARGARET BUILDER
LUCILE COX
SARAH CRENSHAW
SUSANNAH DODGE
ELEANOR FOLK

VIVIAN GAY
HOPE GLICK
FRANCES GOTTEN
NANCY HENDON
MARY FRANCES HUTCHINSON
CHARLOTTE LLEWELLYN
KATHERINE MCKNIGHT
ATIE McDONALD
EVELYN MARION
ANNA MAXWELL
ALICE MONTGOMERY
MARIE MURRAY

MARJORIE MYER
KATHERINE OGDEN
EVELYN ORR
ELIZABETH POTTER
ELIZABETH PUTNAM
CHARLOTTE RUSHTON
AUGUSTA SMITH
ALPHONSINE STEWART
LAURA VAUGHAN
ELIZABETH WILSON

Texas Club

Motto

"Remember the Alamo"

Song

"The Eyes of Texas Are Upon You"



flower

Blue Bonnett

President

DOROTHY BELL

Members

DOROTHY BELL

CATHERINE CARSON

RACHEL CRESSWELL

MARGARET DANIELS

ELEANOR HENDERSON

MARY LOUISE LAURENCE

LUCILE LISTER

MARION LISTER

LUCILE McASHAN

MARGARET SKILLMAN

FLORENCE SMITH

AGNES BELL TERRELL

FANNIE WILLIAMS

Yankee Club

Song
Yankee Doodle

Motto
United we stand, divided we fall

Colors
Red, White, and Blue



Flower
Snowball

President
ALYSE RUMPF

Members

MARJORIE ADAMS
MARGARET EISHOP
NAN BRUEN
MARIAN BULLETT
CATHERINE CADMUS
CARMEN CERECEDO
LOUISE CLARK
MARION FRASIER
MAYLIA GREEN
LUCY HENEBERGER
VIRGINIA HENEBERGER
KATHERINE HOLLISTER
GLENORA MARSHALL
HELEN MCCLURE
MARTHA MONG
RUTH MOWERY
GERTRUDE PIERCE
GERTRUDE PRICE
EDYTHE RUMPF
MARY ELIZABETH SEAGER
DOROTHY SHOEMAKER
ESTELLE SEIBERT
ELIZABETH WILSON
DOROTHY WOODS
MILDRED MARSHALL



Western Club

Motto

Go west, young man!

flower

Cactus

Song

Little Grey Home in the West

President MARY GOODLOE BILLINGS

Members

NINA ANSLEY
MIRIAM BRISTOR
LILLIAN CASON
LUCY PAGE COFFMAN
KATHRYN COX
MARJORIE DUFFIE

MARGARET GAGE
CORINNE GASTER
FRANCES GATEWOOD
RUSSELL GEURRANT
ALICE HINYAN
VIVIAN MURRAY

JUNE NEWBOLD
MARION PALMER
INEZ RICHARDS
VIRGINIA STEPHENS
MARY GRAY WOOD
JANE DENNIS



Pennsylvania Club

flower

May Flower

Colors

Red and White

Song

Pennsylvania Song

President JEANNETTE ECKFELDT

Members

BERNICE ANDERSON

MARY McCOLLUM

MARGARET ERWIN

JEANNETTE ECKFELDT

MARJORIE JOHNSON

BESSIE MORRIS

ELLEN MORRIS

LOUISE RANKIN

HESTER SHAW

CHARLOTTE WALLACE

Cotillion Club

Officers

<i>President</i>	LOLITA CRUSER
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	MARGARET BUILDER

Members

ELOISE ALLEN	MARGARET DEANS	ANNA MANWELL
HELEN BENSON	JANE DENNIS	KATIE DALE MITCHELL
SUE BENSON	ANNE DESBYSHIRE	ALICE MONTGOMERY
MARY GOODLOE BILLINGS	SUSANNAH DODGE	CLAIBORNE O'NEAL
MARGARET BISHOP	JEANNETTE ECKFELDT	MARY CAMPBELL PATTERSON
ANNE BOYD	MARY FORD FINCH	MACON PETTIJOHN
EMMA BOXLEY	ELEANOR FOLK	GERTRUDE PIERCE
MARTHA BOXLEY	MARGARET GAGE	ELIZABETH PUTNAM
VIRGINIA BOXLEY	VIVIAN GAY	LILA RHETT
GERTRUDE BROWN	RUSSELL GUERRANT	HILDA RICHARDSON
FLORENCE BROOKS	ANNE HARDIE	ALYSE RUMPF
VIRGINIA BULL	JANE HARMAN	EDYTHE RUMPF
MARGARET BUILDER	NINA HARRISON	MARGARET SAUNDERS
MARIAN BULLETT	LOUISE HODGES	MARY ELIZABETH SEAGER
CARMEN CERREDO	NANCY LEE HENDON	HESTER SHAW
LOUISE CLARK	ELIZABETH HUFMAN	HENRI SINCLAIR
LUCY PAGE COFFMAN	MARJORIE JOHNSON	AUGUSTA SMITH
RETTA CONEY	ELSIE JONES	MARY THORPE SMITH
KATHRYN COX	EMILY PITZER KYLE	AGNES TERRELL
LUCILE COX	FRANCES LEYS	ELIZABETH TERRELL
LOIS CROWELL	LUCILE LISTER	MAITLAND THOMPSON
LOLITA CRUSER	MARIAN LISTER	LAURA VACGHAN
GRAY DEANS	LUCILE McASHAN	CHARLOTTE WALLACE
	EVELYN MARION	
	MARY GRAY WOOD	





LONG HAIR CLUB

Lillian Waggoner
 Katherine Parker
 Nora Brewer
 Virginia Moore
 Agnes Schell
 Maude Kiffin
 Caroline Kiffin
 Mary Patterson
 Lillian Platt
 Virginia C. Moore
 Lillian Platt

Lillian Platt
 Katherine Parker
 Nora Brewer
 Virginia Moore
 Agnes Schell
 Maude Kiffin
 Caroline Kiffin
 Mary Patterson
 Lillian Platt
 Virginia C. Moore
 Lillian Platt

Lillian Platt
 Katherine Parker
 Nora Brewer
 Virginia Moore
 Agnes Schell
 Maude Kiffin
 Caroline Kiffin
 Mary Patterson
 Lillian Platt
 Virginia C. Moore
 Lillian Platt

Lillian Platt
 Katherine Parker
 Nora Brewer
 Virginia Moore
 Agnes Schell
 Maude Kiffin
 Caroline Kiffin
 Mary Patterson
 Lillian Platt
 Virginia C. Moore
 Lillian Platt

Lillian Platt
 Katherine Parker
 Nora Brewer
 Virginia Moore
 Agnes Schell
 Maude Kiffin
 Caroline Kiffin
 Mary Patterson
 Lillian Platt
 Virginia C. Moore
 Lillian Platt

Lillian Platt
 Katherine Parker
 Nora Brewer
 Virginia Moore
 Agnes Schell
 Maude Kiffin
 Caroline Kiffin
 Mary Patterson
 Lillian Platt
 Virginia C. Moore
 Lillian Platt

Lillian Platt
 Katherine Parker
 Nora Brewer
 Virginia Moore
 Agnes Schell
 Maude Kiffin
 Caroline Kiffin
 Mary Patterson
 Lillian Platt
 Virginia C. Moore
 Lillian Platt





"THE WONDER HAT" - THANKSGIVING PLAY



"A ROMAN WEDDING" - THE LATIN CLUB



LAS CASTILLOS DE TORRESNOBLES - THE SPANISH CLUB



A PICKED-UP DINNER-THANKSGIVING PLAY



"THE LOTUS EATERS"- ART CLUB



MONA LISA-ART CLUB



GAINSBOROUGH'S MRS. SIDDONS-ART CLUB



PROGRESSIVE GAMES





THE ATHLETIC



ASSOCIATION



A. A. Cabinet

Officers

President GRAY DEANS
Vice-President MARY FORD FINCH
Secretary and Treasurer ANNA WOLF

Members

ELOISE ALLEN
RETTA CONEY

EMILY PITZER KYLE

ELSIE JONES
MARY ELIZABETH SEAGER

ATHLETIC
COUNCIL





White Basketball Team

MARY FORD FINCH *Center*

ELOISE ALLEN *Side Center*

GRAY DEANS	} <i>Forward</i>
MARION BULLETT		

RACIEL CRESWELL	} <i>Guards</i>
RUTH ALBERT		

MARY LOUISE LAWRENCE *Substitute*



Yellow Basketball Team

Center

EMILY PITZER KYLE

Side Center

LOUISE HODGES

Forwards

VIRGINIA BULL

RETTA CONEY

Guards

EDYTHIE RUMPF

FLORENCE SMITH



White Baseball Team

GREY DEANS	<i>Pitcher</i>
RUTH ALBERT	<i>Catcher</i>
ELEANOR FOLK	<i>First Base</i>
ALYSE RUMPF	<i>Second Base</i>
MARION BULLETT	<i>Third Base</i>
MARY FORD FINCH	<i>Right Field</i>
GERTRUDE BROWN	<i>Left Field</i>
HENRI SINCLAIR	<i>Centre Field</i>
GUSSIE GIFFIN	<i>Short Stop</i>



Yellow Baseball Team

LUCY PAGE COFFMAN	<i>Pitcher</i>
FLORENCE SMITH	<i>Catcher</i>
ELSIE JONES	<i>First Base</i>
LOUISE HODGES	<i>Second Base</i>
RETTA CONEY	<i>Third Base</i>
CARMEN CERECEDO	<i>Left Field</i>
EMILY PITZER KYLE	<i>Right Field</i>
VIRGINIA BULL	<i>Short Stop</i>

Songs and Yells

SCHOOL SONG

M. B. S. the name we sing,
And our voices proudly ring
As we join the mighty chorus full and
strong.

Tho' our paths divided be
We are loyal, true to thee,
Home of happy schoolgirl days, the M. B. S.

On the hillside green it stands,
Beacon light to distant lands,
While colors float about it fair and free.
Daughters fond from far and near,
Pay a loving tribute here,
Home of happy school-girl days, the M. B. S.

CHORUS

White and yellow float forever,
Colors bravest and the best;
Make the echoes catch the strain,
Sounding back the glad refrain,
White and Yellow float forever, M. B. S.

WHITE YELLS AND SONGS

(To Tune—Washington and Lee Swing)
When the Yellows go to play basket-ball
They're going to get a fearful 'sprise, that's all.
They think that they are going to win this
game,
And to fool them so's just one great big
shame,
For we are going to fight with all our might.
Put them in such a very sorry plight
That when they try to win,
Just watch us grin,
Watch us grin,
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Strawberry short cake
Huckleberry pie
V - i - c - t - o - r - y
Whites—Whites.

The Yellow Team is narrow minded,
Believe my soul they're stiff jointed,
They play ball and do mind it
All day long.

The White Team's broad minded,
Believe my soul they're double jointed,
They play ball and don't mind it
All day long.

Ice-cream, soda water, ginger ale pop,
White Team, White Team, always on the top.
Stand 'em on their head, stand 'em on their feet
White Team, White Team, can't be beat!

YELLOW SONGS AND YELLS

Oh Yellow Team—
Oh—that's the team that's fine.
Oh, that's the team you can't surpass,
No matter how you pine.
Oh me, oh my, we bid those Whites good bye.
If anyone loves the Yellow Team, it's
I, I, I, I, I!

Did you ever see the Yellows lose, girls?
Did you ever see the Yellows lose?
No—no—kid! For they never—never did!
The Yellows nev-er lose!!

Thought I heard somebody say,
"The Yellow Team will win today."
With a vevo—with a vivo—
With a vevo—vivo—vum.

Bum—get a cat trap
Bigger than a rat trap.
Bum, get another—bigger than the other—
Yellow, Yellow—ciss—boom bah—
Team—Team—rah—rah—rah!

In your black and white, oh White Team,
You look just all right, oh White Team.
As you stand over there cheering loud
We'll say that you're a good looking crowd.
And when the day is done, even though you've
won, oh White Team,
There's something we've been thinking of late,
We say it most emphatically
We think you're Great!

Cheer the team as it comes on the floor,
It's the team that will roll up the score;
The guards get the ball every time!
And then they pass it down the line.
The centers will pass it with vim
To the forwards, who always put it in,
And we will be true to the end
To the girls who fight so bravely for the
Yellows.

Monogram Club

BASEBALL.

LOUISE HODGES
CARMEN CERECEDO
VIRGINIA BULL
ELSIE JONES
MARY C. HENSON
MARY FORD FINCH
GRAY DEANS
LUCY PAGE COFFMAN
MARY GOODLOE BILLINGS

BASKET BALL

VIRGINIA BULL
MARY FORD FINCH
LOUISE HODGES
GRAY DEANS
ELSIE JONES

TRACK

GRAY DEANS
DOUGLAS SUMMERS
ELIZABETH PUTNAM
ALPHONSINE STEWART
VIRGINIA BULL
CARMEN CERECEDO
LOUISE HODGES

HOCKEY

GRAY DEANS
VIRGINIA BULL
CARMEN CERECEDO
ELIZABETH PUTMAN
ALPHONSINE STEWART
LOUISE HODGES

Prizes for Bluestocking Work

Best Short Story, offered by Palais Royal, won by Marjorie Duffie.

Best Poem, offered by Beverly Book Company, won by Alice Montgomery.

Best Kodak Picture, offered by H. L. Lang & Co., won by Alyse Rumpf.

Best Art Work, offered by Mr. Thomas Hogshead, won by Lucy Page Coffman.

Galice



ALICE and Fenwick came to us strangely, out of the stormy night. Out of a stormy night these two men came, and into the cozy "Spendrift," a small and very old saloon in Port La Vaca, they drifted. Inside its stuffy taproom were a red-hot stove to warm cold fingers and backs by and enough hot liquor to loosen silent tongues.

I had finished my rounds among the sick. Gyp, my horse, was comfortable in the stable, and I was sitting with two or three friends near the stove. There were glasses of toddy at our elbows.

Outside the autumn winds moaned, and a mysterious whistling as they raced through the crevices in the leaky old side of the saloon made one think of Pan weirdly piping. We heard the whisk of the winds and the lashings of the rain and the drip, drip, drip of the water in the sloppy corners where there were no winds. I can vision the place now—a knocking somewhere, the sudden bang of a door, the straining of hinges, and above all, the strong sweep, the mad hurtling of the gale high in the air. Inside—warm, yellow comfort.

At this moment the door was flung violently open.

All in the room turned. A large man with a chest as thick as a gorilla's stood in the doorway. He wore a soft, black hat, a mackinaw, and cowhide boots, all shining wet. Behind him and through the open door swished the rain and wind.

He stood at the door with one hand holding the knob, and slowly took in the room, from face to face, from stove to bar, and from rafters to worn floor. After a pause he stepped into the room with unexpected alacrity and tried to shut the door. But a second man squeezed through before the door was closed. For the first time in any of our lives we saw Galice.

There he stood before us, gazing unconcernedly about; his thick hair matted and dripping wet, falling over his high forehead, over his eyes, much like that of a little Pomeranian chow. An ill-fitting Prince Albert coat, heavy with the rain, reached to his shoe tops.

Galice followed his companion to the bar and stood behind him. The bar-keeper placed a bottle and glasses on the counter. One of these glasses the big man filled and then, apparently for the first time, as he returned the bottle, noticed that there was a second glass.

"Two glasses?" It was a thick, foggy voice. The attendant indicated Galice with a nod of his head.

"Galice?" The big man turned slowly around and stared down in disdain at his companion.

"Gentlemen," to us in the room, "that is Galice. Make your bow, Galice—pretty."

Curiously enough, Galice did, although our attention was directed to him with such ill-purposed formality. Galice's cadaverous face broke into a hundred wrinkles. He bent at the hips like a jack knife, hands to his sides, and swayed his body for an instant. Suddenly he bent down his arms, beat a quick tattoo on the floor with the palms of his hands, and then snapped his legs into the air, wiggled them facetiously and curled back to his feet again. Galice next bowed shortly and impersonally towards each corner of the room, as I used to see actors do when I was younger. The smile, fixed on his face, as if it had crystallized there, gradually faded out, and the wrinkles slowly spread away and disappeared, something like the ripple on the surface of a millpond.

"And my name's Fenwick," concluded the big man. His rumbling voice shivered us out of our absorption in Galice. Fenwick pronounced his own name with ponderous dignity, as if he expected us immediately to recognize it.

Fenwick filled the second glass. Galice snatched it up much as a cat snatches at a fly. With a glance at Fenwick, it communicated to me both amazement and incredulity. Galice hurried the glass to his blue lips. Fenwick watched him with half closed eyes, and just as the glass touched Galice's lips, Fenwick's hand deliberately reached out, grasped the glass, and swept it to be shattered to bits on the bar. The liquor flowed down the front of the counter to the floor.

Fenwick drank what was left in his own glass and retired to a chair in the shadows.

There wasn't any of us in the room who didn't involuntarily cry out at the cheap brutality of the act; not one who wasn't sorry for Galice, yet no one did a thing to help him. He wasn't the sort you especially cared to help. If he had been standing on a street corner, begging, you might have dropped a penny in his hat and passed quickly by, but you couldn't go to him in the "Spendrift," pat him on the shoulder to poultice his humiliation, and buy him another drink. He might have wept on your shoulder, he seemed ready to weep then, as he stood by the bar, looking at the dripping whiskey. His hands opened and shut, feeling, I thought, for the touch of Fenwick's throat. But he soon shuffled away to a vacant chair by Fenwick.

I didn't see Galice or Fenwick for a number of days after that, but I heard that they were building a shack up the beach, just beyond the settlement. Then, late one afternoon, I paid them a visit, an involuntary one.

Over in the west, the sun was sinking behind the horizon and changing the feathers of the clouds from white to orange. You know how splendidly it does it. When the sun disappeared, it left a suggestion of purple along the horizon.

My mind always goes ranging around the universe on a crisp day like that, and I found myself within sight of Galice and Fenwick before I realized where I was. They were mending the walls of an extension to their shack.

The house was uninviting, built chiefly of driftwood. The walls were a patchwork of painted and unpainted boards. The roof was covered with rusty sheets of tin, and the extension they were mending had once been a painted pilot house on some boat. A roll of blankets lay at the side of a sand dune, which rose near the extension, and on the blankets was a rifle.

Galice supported a board under the splintered cornice of the pilot house, held it in place over a board there, and Fenwick stood with a hammer poised to sink the nail already partly imbedded in the board. As I watched them from a short distance, I saw Galice draw back slightly and turn his head toward the man with the hammer. The board fell. Fenwick tried to catch it. The nail happened to scrape his bare fore-arm. Fenwick stared at the livid scratch on his arm. There was a heart-sinking smile on Galice's face. Fenwick leaped over, took Galice by the scruff of the neck and held the scratch on his arm up to Galice's eyes.

"See what you did?"

Then with his usual unhurried deliberateness Fenwick placed his right thumb on Galice's nose and pressed.

It was far from being funny. Galice writhed and shrieked with the torment of it. Tears rolled down his yellow cheeks. I sprang forward and picked up the gun, hoping it was loaded.

"Let go of Galice," I shouted.

Fenwick pitched Galice from him and Galice, moaning pitifully, dropped to the sands.

"Don't you come snooping around here, Mr. Doctor," Fenwick's indignation spluttered into words. "You need have d—— little interest in our affairs. Next time I'll be the one to get the gun first." I said something of no importance, put the gun back where I had found it, and walked home, mentally dead to the witchery of the falling dusk.

II.

Fenwick and Galice remained on the outskirts of town for some months. In spite of the compelling curiosity of the villagers, they never learned anything of the newcomers beyond what I have already told you. The strange pair did odd jobs about the fisheries and they seemed able to pay their small bills to the evident satisfaction of the grocer and barkeeper.

Fenwick was always on the alert to show his contempt for Galice, to place petty annoyances upon him, and he did it with a thoughtful intent that might have been ludicrous if it hadn't been so palpably malevolent. Galice tried to avoid these absurdities; they were usually too trifling in their nature to be called insults, so solemnly as they were perpetrated. It had become a matter of habit for Galice to protect himself from such inevitable irritation, as it is a matter of habit for us to reach for our umbrellas when the clouds hang heavy and dark.

Of the two men, Galice was the more approachable. He never talked about himself or Fenwick, but he was always happy to exhibit his tricks to the children of the village, who soon learned that to follow the picturesque, frock-coated little

man was like following a circus. He would march along with Fenwick, apparently unconscious that the children were behind him, until suddenly he whisked about, his face wrinkled into that set, droll grin of his, to do a sharp handspring for them. Sometimes, eyes to the ground, he would snatch up a handful of pebbles, then turn to the children and juggle his pebbles. But whenever he drew close to them they scattered, frightened, like dry leaves before the winds.

"There was a time when they loved me," he would mutter. .

One night Galice came to my home, without his hat as usual, but in his everlasting Prince Albert.

"Doc, will you come with me, quick?" he whispered. He put a thin hand on my arm and I felt it tremble.

"Matter of importance to me, Doc. Nobody sick or hurt, yet you've got to come, he won't bother you."

Of course I went. Galice hurried along breathlessly, too busy with his own thoughts to talk, and I didn't ask him any questions. The sea was black, there was no moon, and the stars were buried. A death-cool breeze cut intermittently in from the sea.

Down the beach a faint glimmer shone from the single window of the shack. Fenwick wasn't at home when we reached the place.

An oil lamp stood in the middle of the roughly fashioned table, which was once a packing box. The lamp threw a yellow glow on the table and left the rest of the room in shadows. On the rude shelf behind the stove lay the rifle I had used on Fenwick. Two small kegs for chairs and two cots, which hadn't been made up, constituted the movable furniture. Over in the corner was a cupboard, and on the stove a pot of coffee boiled.

"In there," whispered Galice. "Hurry."

He pushed me into the little extension. It was little more than a smelly closet, filled with boxed sand, blankets, and tarpaulin.

"Keep your eyes to the crack of the door," whispered my strange companion.

"Will you please tell me what all this is about?" I demanded from the low door I had stooped to enter.

"Please go in," he pleaded, "he'll be here any minute and if he sees you it will spoil it all. For God's sake, don't let him know you're here, no matter what happens—unless——"

Galice didn't finish his sentence. He walked to the cupboard and brought out plates, knives, forks, spoons, and cups, setting the table for two. He was pouring the coffee when Fenwick came in. There was no word of greeting. Fenwick sat down on one of the kegs and Galice carried the coffee-pot back to the stove. Fenwick drank his coffee at a gulp, though it was hot enough to scald him.

"Coffee," he growled, shaking his empty cup. I turned my eyes on Galice.

"Coffee" seemed to be the cue he had been waiting for.

"Coffee, coffee, coffee," he remarked. "That's the last cup of coffee you'll ever drink, maybe."

Fenwick refused to raise even his eyelashes to that. He continued to hold out his cup, swinging it from side to side, significantly.

"Coffee?" Galice laughed. "Coffee, did he say? Just coffee, or coffee with just a little more—a little more—say—death in it?"

Galice leaned over towards Fenwick, his head cocked to one side, his knuckles resting on the edge of the table. His face twisted ghastly in the glow of the lamp light.

"Death," he repeated the word in a whisper.

"What the H—— you talking about?" Fenwick demanded harshly.

"Poison," quietly said Galice. Fenwick laid down his knife and fork and slowly rose from the keg.

"Yes, poison, d—— you, poison," Galice shrieked hysterically. His puny body tightened, ready to spring from Fenwick. "Poison was in one of them cups," he shrieked, "and I don't know which one, no more'n you—same's you gave to Nellie."

"What in H—— are you talking about?" Fenwick darted at Galice, caught and shook him.

"You know what. Paying you back. There was poison in one of them cups, but I don't know which one, 'cause I shuffled them. I drunk mine. See? And you drunk yours. We're quits, and one of us gets it good. Want to see what you'll do with a sporting chance I give you, Mister Fenwick, with your fine looks and muscles in your arms. I ain't so grand as you are, Mister Fenwick—if I'd a been, guess I could a kept Nellie. But I'm a sport." Fenwick struck Galice over the face with the palm of his hand.

"You haven't the nerve," he sneered, and walked away. On his keg again, he made as if to resume eating, but he hesitated with the knife at his lips. He placed it back on his plate, the clatter was a shock. He picked up the empty tin cup, held it by the light and examined the inside, scraping the bottom with his fork.

"You ain't got the nerve," he remarked impersonally.

But I could see he was disturbed, he had attempted to eat, but before he swallowed a mouthful he was on his feet again, pacing up and down, peered into the coffee pot, but didn't look long enough to see anything. He was chafing under a sense of physical helplessness. Galice moved with Fenwick, always keeping the table between them, apparently enjoying his anxiety.

"Galice, if I thought you did that for sure, I'd wring your neck with these two fingers."

"Maybe I did it for sure, and maybe I didn't," Galice sniggered. "Anyway, you'll know soon."

"You d—— little——" Fenwick sprang at Galice, but before he reached him I stood between them. "You again?" Fenwick snarled.

I opened my mouth to answer, but Galice doubled up hideously, and without a sound crumpled to the floor.

"Galice's got it," Fenwick's voice was high-pitched, with the ring of relief in it. "The little fool—that little fool—I didn't think he had the nerve." At that Fenwick threw back his great head and laughed.

I stooped down to Galice to find his eyes wide open, and his mouth pulled out into the unmistakable grin. He winked at me, and rolled over and pushed himself to his hands and knees.

"Hist, Fenwick," he whispered, "you're laughing too soon. He who laughs last laughs—yah. I fooled you that time. Maybe you drank the poison after all, and not me."

There was a snort of rage from Fenwick. He reached for the rifle and fired point blank at the little clown. A flash, a sob, and Galice fell forward.

"Doc," he screamed, "Doc, he's killed me. Have the law on him, Doc, have the law on him."

III.

Galice died in my arms, but not until after he had told me snatches of his story. He had been an acrobatic clown, "a hit with the children," he said, and his wife, "no bigger than a minute," and "a queen of the air." Fenwick joined their "little act" as the strong man, who "twirled Nellie about like a beautiful white feather." Both Galice and his wife had been attracted by Fenwick's physical powers—the woman to her undoing. After his wife died, Galice found Fenwick and stuck to him like a leech, watching for an opportunity, in his weakness, to get even. They toured the country in an acrobatic skit, went broke, sold their equipment, and drifted into Port La Vaca.

"Death is the only dignity." These words came to me when Galice died. It was rather a complex way of committing suicide, wasn't it? We found Fenwick the next morning in a tempest of fear at slowly approaching death by poison. If he hadn't run away I might have set him at ease on that score at least.

Galice didn't use any poison. He didn't use anything at all. He whispered to me with a measure of pride just before he died, "Just a little frame-up," he panted.

MARJORIE DUFFIE.

Minutes

They come, a silent procession,
The minutes our lives allow,
Trooping through the gate of the Future
Into the Garden of Now.

They come and linger and pass on,
A crowd as varied and queer
As the throng in an ancient city
When a feast day is drawing near.

Some are so bright that they dazzle
And memory reflects their light
Like the last rose glow of the sunset
After the fall of night.

Others we hardly notice
As they come on noiseless feet,
And go out through the opposite gateway
Where the Past and Oblivion meet.

There are some that are clad in mourning,
And their steps are weary and slow,
But we find through the clouds of sorrow
A truer love may glow.

And some of us stand and watch them,
Letting them come as they will,
While some wish to hurry them onward,
Watching the Future, still.

But a few in this world are wiser,
And these few, only, see
That these minutes are ours as they pass us,
And go on to Eternity.

Ours for a fleeting instant,
Then they're gone, and strive as we may
We can't bring them back to live over,
We must live the ones of today.

So we see them leave the Garden,
And each one closes the gate
On some deed that has watched its passing
'Cross the great wide stage of Fate.

ALICE MONTGOMERY.



SNAP-



SHOTS



PRIZE



Ming Toy



THE TEA is most excellent—quite worthy of my most honorable kinsman,” purred Chong Wo, as his host, Cho San, motioned the little slave girl to refill the cups and withdraw. Chong Wo’s gorgeously embroidered silk robe, his evil little eyes peering through the oblong slits in his oily yellow face, and his curved finger-nails set with brilliant gems, and long, sharp teeth similarly decorated, made him contrast sharply with Cho San, whose face was older and more wrinkled, but whose little black eyes held more of sadness and resignation than greed and cunning, whose robe was simpler, and whose nails and teeth were not ornamented. As the little yellow girl disappeared through the doorway Chong Wo settled himself more comfortably on his mat, and spoke: “The anger of the gods is great. The curse is still upon the house of Cho San. Each day have I, Chong Wo, worthy priest of the most high gods, offered unto them a double sacrifice, and each day have I interceded for thee and thy house, but it avails not.”

Cho San remained silent, and Chong Wo, watching him intently, continued, “The honorable Sung To was cursed with a girl baby—but now—ah, the gods of Sung To are appeased, and once again is he in their favor.” And Chong Wo drew from the folds of his robe a tiny jeweled dagger and tentatively felt its edge. “No more is there heard in the house of Sung To the unwelcome squeals of the girl baby. Ah, Cho San, your gods are jealous. They demand a *human* sacrifice—the sacrifice of Ming Toy!” Then Cho San answered, “Much do I worship the great gods, and much do I honor and reverence my worthy ancestors. But even though thou, my most honorable kinsman and priest of the most high gods, command it, Cho San will not believe they would have him send to them the spirit of Ming Toy.”

“Ah, into the dust will be dragged the human will that strives with the will of the great gods, and low will be brought the name of the family,” warned Chong Wo. “Already thy kinsmen are murmuring against thee, and like fire in the heart of Fujiyama is smoldering the anger of the gods. The sin of her mother is upon the house of Cho San, and not until the heart blood of Ming Toy pours crimson upon the altar shall the curse be abated.”

With dignity Cho San replied, “The mother of Ming Toy was the child of Cho San, and though an unworthy white dog was her sire, in her veins is the blood of Cho San, and in her heart is the religion of Cho San.”

“Ah, Ming Toy has found her way to your heart as the worm that destroys the plum,” said Chong Wo sneeringly, “and as the worm destroys the fruit, so will she bring destruction on the house of Cho San.” Then he continued magnanimously, “But I, Chong Wo, thy kinsman and priest, will take pity on thee, and save thee. Give unto me Ming Toy, and I will intercede for thee so eloquently

that the great gods will be charmed away from their anger, and once more will the house of Cho San be restored to favor, and once more, when the cherry trees blossom, may thou and thy kinsmen join in the festival."

Cho San's voice was still quiet and his face passive when he answered Chong Wo, but his eyes sparkled dangerously, "Chong Wo, vile thoughts scuttle behind thy sweet words like black rats. And *never* will Cho San give to thee Ming Toy."

Chong Wo arose. "I now leave you to meditate upon the words of Chong Wo. And at sunrise will I return—for Ming Toy. If you hold sacred your altars, and ancestors, and the name of Cho San—forget not the fate of Wang Lo. The word of the priest of the most high gods is not to be despised, and his wish not to be disregarded." And with an elaborate bow Chong Wo was gone, leaving behind him on the floor the tiny jeweled dagger. Then through the door, like a bright butterfly, darted Ming Toy, and fell on her knees before Cho San. Her creamy skin glowed with youth, her black hair was piled high on her little head, and her eyes were soft and dark. Her silk kimona was the bright blue of the bay, and the sash which caught it at the waist, and the chrysanthemums over her tiny ears, had borrowed their tints from the sunlight. She seemed more a part of the garden outside, with its sunshine, and budding cherry trees, and glimpse of the bay, than of this half darkened room, with its burning incense and grotesque idols and richly carved altar. And the eyes of old Cho San became tender as he looked on her.

"Ah, my most reverend and august grandsire," she cried, "I have heard the words of Chong Wo, and I entreat thee to save the house of Cho San, and offer Ming Toy, a sacrifice, to the angry gods."

"Ah, little one," replied Cho San, "little did you understand of the words of Chong Wo. Have no fear for Cho San. Only on the happiness of little Ming Toy does his happiness depend."

But that night, long after the household of Cho San was asleep, little Ming Toy knelt at the altar. And at last, when she arose, the frightened, questioning look of the child had gone from her great dark eyes—they were now the inscrutable, fatalistic eyes of the oriental woman. And silently she slipped out into the moonlit gardens to meet her lover.

"Ah, Ming Toy, at last!" and with a glad cry he sprang to meet her, but as Ming Toy shrank back he stopped. "You are not afraid, little one?"

"Ah, no, the fear and darkness are gone," she replied with a little laugh that was half a sob. "There is now only light—cold, terrible, light,"—then she added slowly, as though it were a lesson she had learned, "Ming Toy cannot go with you tonight." His face blanched with horror, then he laughed uncertainly, as though trying to rouse himself from a bad dream, and he begged, "Ming Toy, do not jest on this, our wedding night. See—the great ship that tomorrow will carry us away, is now in the harbor." But she answered in a sad little voice, "Ah, no—there will

be no wedding night for Ming Toy." "Ah, Ming Toy," pleaded her lover, "even the cherry trees have waited to bloom on this night of our happiness. See—here are the first opening buds," and he broke a spray for her. "You would not have them blossom in vain."

"Ah, it is not for *our* love they bloom," she answered, "but for Japan—to make a holiday—for Japan. And unless I stay my kinsmen can hold no festival."

"Little one, it *is* for *us* they bloom. You *must* come away with me. I will take you," and he came nearer. But Ming Toy eluded his arms, her little hands fluttering at her throat like white moths, and she forced a little laugh. "Ah, no, you do not understand Ming Toy. Her heart is as the butterfly—you can not bind it. Her love is as the cherry blossom that fades as the days pass by. You must go away alone. Ming Toy stays in Japan—with her cherry blossoms and butterflies—and ancestors." He started to speak, but she stopped him and went hurriedly on, "It is all true. It was meant to be so. It is not for you nor Ming Toy to question the gods." He bowed his head, and with a fluttering little gesture, Ming Toy put out her hand. "Good by," she murmured softly, with a little sob in her voice. "May the great gods be kind to you, and give you happiness—and love." Then before he realized she was gone, she had darted away among the trees, leaving only a tiny spray of cherry blossom in his hand.

And the next morning as the great sun came up out of the bay, turning the water to shimmering gold, a lone little figure stood in the window. But it was not the sunrise she watched—she saw only a great boat which was slowly steaming out of the harbor. With a little sigh Ming Toy turned away, slowly she crossed the room and touched the faded spray of wistaria that yesterday had filled the room with its fragrance. For a moment she knelt before the altar, then—there was a stifled little cry, and the next moment as Cho San and Chong Wo entered the room they found the lifeless little body of Ming Toy on the altar, a tiny jeweled dagger beside her, still crimson and warm with her blood. At last, the voice of Cho San, cold, monotonous, and weary, broke the stillness. "Ah, my most reverend kins-man—the great gods have received their sacrifice—and without the aid of the honorable Chong Wo or Cho San." But after Chong Wo had gone, for a long time there knelt, beside the altar and the body of Ming Toy, old Cho San, and the silence was broken only by the soft murmur of the old man, as he prayed his gods to watch over the little one on her long journey, and once, by the shrill whistle of a great steamer as it left the harbor.

And that day there was a great festival and thanksgiving among the kinsmen of Cho San, for had not the very cherry trees burst into blossom to show that the gods were appeased and their favor regained? But, strange to say, Chong Wo did not take part in the festival, but stalked in his house—and as he puffed at his opium he floated gently away on a delicious cloud and forgot his disappointment.

And that night as a little wind played through the old cherry trees in the garden, they sighed softly to themselves, for they loved little Ming Toy, and it was for *her*, not for the hideous revelers who now crowded the gardens, that they had meant their blossoms. And as Ming Toy lay cold and still, there was crushed close in one little hand a tiny spray of cherry blossom, and over the heart of her lover, far out at sea, was another faded pink flower. And this, each of the old trees knew, and they sighed and sighed and sighed.

ELIZABETH WILSON.

A white cloud sailed away to the west
Like a bubble blown from a pipe of pearl,
And a tiny bird, with scarlet vest
Flew up from the earth and followed it.
I thought as I saw this bird and its guide
What joy must be in the heart of the sky
To have as guests in its bosom wide
A fleecy White Cloud and a Scarlet Bird!

MARY BENHAM MITCHELL.

The collage features a variety of early 20th-century visual culture:

- Top Left:** A landscape illustration with trees and a staircase, dated 1904.
- Top Center:** A large title "OUR YESTERDAYS" in a decorative font.
- Top Right:** A small illustration of a woman in a hat, dated 1905.
- Middle Left:** A photograph of a woman in a long dress and hat, dated 1904.
- Middle Center:** A photograph of a woman in a long dress and hat, dated 1904.
- Middle Right:** A photograph of a woman in a long dress and hat, dated 1904.
- Bottom Left:** A photograph of a woman in a long dress and hat, dated 1904.
- Bottom Center:** A photograph of a woman in a long dress and hat, dated 1904.
- Bottom Right:** A photograph of a woman in a long dress and hat, dated 1904.

MISS 1909

Chosen

(The Land of the Morning Calm)

Little green hill overlooking the sea
Where I long to be to gaze with thee,
Out through the mouth of the yellow sea,
'Tis thee of all things so dear to me.

Thou in thy cloak of Korean pine
Looking so handsome, stately, and fine,
Every tree that upon thee grew,
Seemed to be a friend so true.

There's where my heart grew happy and gay
Flitting and playing on your sides all day,
There's where my youth was full of joy,
Never in want of a pleasure or toy.

Many a land and place have I seen,
But none can compare with this spot serene,
There are lands to the east, and lands to the west
But Korea, 'tis thee that I surely love best.

VIRGINIA BULL.

Help Wanted



HIX GREENE had been "bounced" again! He had favored every "prep" school around New York with his presence for a short time, but his health required a change of air, he solemnly declared, as from month to month he changed his "umble 'ome." But this time it was not supposed to be funny, for it was his last chance. Little did this worry Hix, though, and he gaily started off in search of a job. Jobs, however, were not as plentiful as schools, and, time after time, he was turned away. Tired, but refusing to be discouraged, he stepped into an employment agency and seeing the long waiting line, he realized it would mean a temporary rest. While sitting there thinking, "Next!" brought him rudely back to grim realities, and he looked up in time to see a huge Finn slouch up to the desk. He watched her eagerly so that he might profit by her story and plan his own campaign accordingly.

The little lady who had called "next" sat behind the desk and asked questions so rapidly that Hix knew he would never be able to keep up with her and at the same time make his story consistent.

"Can you cook?" she asked the waiting montrosity.

"Na-aw!"

"Can you do house work?"

"Na-aw!"

"Can you wash dishes?"

"Na-aw!"

In despair, the tortoise-shell-eyed questioner made her last appeal.

"Well, what can you do?"

"I kin milk a reindeer!" was the reply, slow but sure.

Just at this time, no one needed anyone to milk reindeers, so she was turned away.

Hix was highly amused until the awful thought struck him—what can I do?

The phone rang.

"Miss June?—yes, oh, I am so sorry!" was what he heard as he sat, wondering. "Eighteen—the poor little thing. I'll see what I can do for her right away. Yes."

As the receiver clicked, a pair of eyes looked along the disconsolate line.

"Is anyone applying for a butler's job?" was asked.

"A butler," repeated Hix vaguely, who had only "little Miss June, eighteen, and so sorry," on his mind. Unconsciously, he moved towards the desk.

"References, please!" were the welcoming words that came from behind the desk.

"Na-aw!" was on the end of Hix's tongue, but he bit it and said:

"Well, you see it was this way——!"

Many, many times had he used this excuse, and many, many times it had failed, but now as he looked at the creature across the desk and smiled, he saw that it had worked.

"You'll do!" she said, and gave him instructions.

The next thing Hix knew he was in a small third-story room, chuckling at the job, but clearly puzzled.

"I'm a butler, but what in the deuce shall I do? Morton answers the door-bell, takes the card to mother, and—oh, I can't do it, I don't even know how to begin."

But the thoughts of "little Miss June" still held sway, and he stepped out into the hall to view the surroundings. He could look directly down to the first floor, where a maid had just left a lady, saying, "Miss June will be right down, mam."

"At last," thought Hix, "I'll see the object of my foolishness," and it was with no small eagerness he leaned over the bannisters.

Suddenly there was a rustle, and down the stairs stepped a little old lady, who was greeted with a friendly, "My dear little Miss June." Eighteen? She was nearer eighty.

Now there was nothing slow about Hix, and it didn't take him long to get out of that house.

The next morning in the *Times*, the following advertisement appeared:

WANTED—An experienced butler with good references. Apply Miss June Acree, 18 Riverside Drive, City.

MARY ELIZABETH SEAGER.

Thinking of You

Walking in the garden
At sunset, walking all alone.
Watching the water of the fountain
Run—, fall—, and foam.
Walking among the roses
And the grass so deep,
Seeing little daisies
Through the clover peep.
Walking in the twilight,
Feel the falling dew,
Gazing at the moon,
And thinking of you.

LUCY DENTON.



OUR MR. KING

Can You Imagine?

Elizabeth Bivins without "them i's"?
Margaret Builder unwelcome to Miss Higgins?
Martha Boxley leading the choral class?
Carmen Cerecedo hurting anyone's feelings?
Catherine Cadmus all pepped up?
Constance Curry not debating?
Evelyn Marion asking for a date?
Mary Benham Mitchell making less than 99½?
Gertrude Stickley in grand opera?
Maitland Thompson with the blues?
Thelma Kerr riding a bicycle?
Margaret Van Devanter accepting an offer from Ziegfeld's?

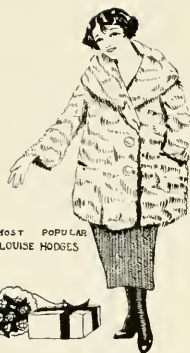
Senior Music Rack

Elizabeth Bivins—They Go Wild Over Me.
Margaret Builder—Sweetheart.
Martha Boxley—I Don't Want to Get Well.
Carmen Cerecedo—Lapaloma.
Catherine Cadmus—Dreaming.
Constance Curry—Honest Little Captain, I Am Strong for You.
Evelyn Marion—Ole "Tucky Home.
Mary Benham Mitchell—Old Black——.
Gertrude Stickley—How You Going to Keep 'Em Down on the Farm?
Maitland Thompson—Just a Little Love.
Thelma Kerr—Say It With Music.
Margaret Van Devanter—Tell Me.

MOST STYLISH
ANNE BOYD



MOST POPULAR
LOUISE HODGES



MOST ADMIRER
MARGARET BULLER



BEST ALL ROUND
LOUISE HODGES



BEST SPORT
ELSIE JONES



PRETTIEST
LOLITA CRUSER



CUTEST
EDYTHE RUMPF

STATISTICS



CLEVEREST
MARY ELIZABETH SEAGER



BEST DANCER
LUCILE LISTER



MOST INDIFFERENT
ALICE MONTGOMERY



BEST STUDENT
GRACE WILLIAMS



MOST VIVACIOUS
LOUISE HODGES



MOST ATTRACTIVE
MARGARET BUILDER



MOST ATHLETIC
GRAY DEANS



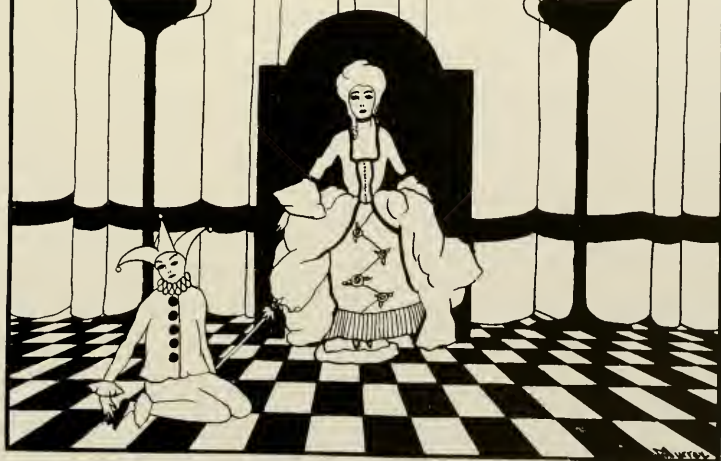
BEST LOOKING
MARGARET BUILDER

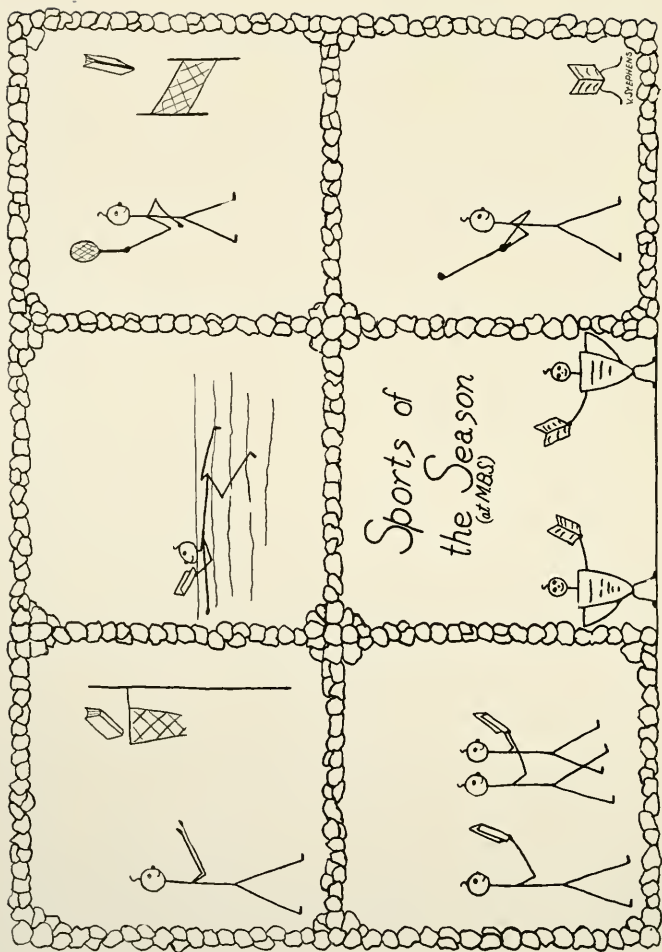
LUCY PAGE COTTON

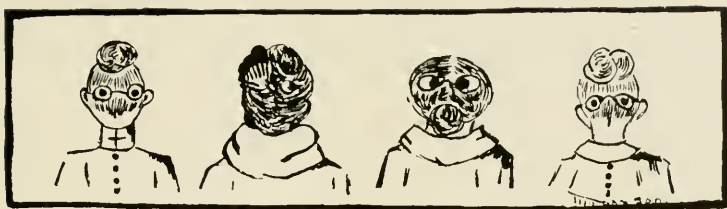
STATISTICS



Sokes







Eyes

There is a faculty in our school
And it is wondrous wise ;
But gee—it sometimes seems to us
They're mostly made of eyes.

For they watch us in the morning,
They watch us in the night,
We find them around each corner,
We can't get out their sight.

Just try to say a word in class,
You'll find that when you do
An eagle eye is watching and
Strange questions pop at you.

You plan to have a feast at night,
But as you leave your room,
A teacher grabs you sternly, and
Demerits are your doom.

Just try to laugh after light bell,
Or with your room mate chat,
And quickly at your bed room door
There comes a vicious pat.

Just try to chew a piece of gum,
Or play out in the snow,
And before you get good started
The faculty will know.

You can't get by with anything,
They never go to bed,
And worse still—they've all got eyes in
The back part of their head.

Mary Baldwin Alphabet

- A is the Annual which strives to make clear
Some of the happenings during the year.
- B stands for Builder, who has such good looks
That her picture is found in all the year books.
- C is for Cruser, who made the girls fall
When she came dressed as "The Sheik" to the ball.
- D stands for Deans, the basket-ball star,
Known for her prowess both near and far.
- E is for Eckfeldt, the girl who could paint
A cow on its head if it were here—but it ain't.
- F is our Fuzzy who each day would go
Strutting down town in a different hued bow.
- G is for Goodloe, the editor bright,
Who runs the school paper, and does it just right.
- H is for Henri and Hardie, whose names
Already tell of their glorious fame.
- I stands for Ibsen, the man who did write
Plays that we studied way far in the night.
- J is for Jane, the maid on the hall
Who never slammed one door but slammed them all.
- K is the "key-dets," who longing eyes cast
Up at the school whene'er they walk past.
- L is for Lister, who oft had a chance
To show all the other girls how she could dance.

BREAKING IN

A

NEW GIRL



M stands for Men, we don't know much about,
 For at M. B. S. we don't talk when we're out.
N is for "No One," whom we all recall
 Stood for some cards at a masquerade ball.
O is O'Neale of C'lina, you bet
 Who roomed with a girl by the name of Rhett.
P is the pictures that disgraced the screen,
 After Miss H—— came they no more were seen!!
Q is the Quarrels that all of us had,
 Some for a good cause and some for a bad.
R is for Rumpf, the girls we adore,
 Remember the room on McCung lower floor.
S is the Silence that always (?) would reign
 After the lights had been put out at ten.
T is the Time that you pulled a stunt
 Which gave you demerits for over a month.
U might be the girl, who since she came here
 Misspent or wasted the entire year.
V is Virginia, a girl or a state,
 It doesn't matter, as both are first rate.
W Miss Williamson, guard of our mail,
 Many tried bluffing, but—they'd always fail.
X is the X-pert in all of the sports
 On the gym floor or out on the courts.
Y is the Yellow Team, which but for the White,
 Would have had none in Athletics to fight.
Z is the Zeal that inspired this poor story
 Which figures some students who've won lots of glory.

E. P. K.





A Lazy Girl's Letter

I'm in a 10der mood 2day,
 I feel poetic 2.
 For fun I'll just — off a line.
 And send it off 2 u.
 I'm sorry u've been 6 0 long,
 Don't be disconsol8,
 But bear your ills with 42de
 And they won't seem 2 gr8.



'Boots" Terrell had a little rule,
 It was a method fine—
 For every time she studied hard
 A *rest* cure came behind.

It happened on a Monday night,
 This very strange affair;
 Hodge—sat between them sore dismayed,
 For her *date*—it was a *pear*!

Scandal at M. B. S.



Found in the Studio—A *Coff-man*, a *Skill-*
man, and *Car-men*! How did they get by Miss
 G. Ed—nds—n?

If Richards dropped his *Sea-ger*, the *Gate-*
wood receive A-very *Black-burn* before any of
 the *Folk* could get *Holt* of it.

We've heard of *lounge lizards*, but now they
 have *Step-hens* in the studio. They are fed on
Cere-sced-o, too.



Ode to the Girl in Front

She slouches down into her seat,
And then she starts to cross her feet.
At first her head is tilted back,
But then her motions grow more slack.

The books drop clear from out her grasp
As first one hand, then both, unclasp.
Then forward falls the old gray hat
And peacefully she takes her nap.

Slumbering on in sweet repose,
And sometimes "singing" through her nose.
Her sweet dreams no trouble know
Until a voice, "It's time to go."

She missed the sermon, but grudge not the rest
To that poor tired girl at M. B. S.

A. D.



Who's Who and Why

NAME	SHE IS	SHE THINKS SHE IS	CHIEF ATTRACTION	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	SHE WANTS TO BE	SHE PROBABLY WILL BE	SHE IS USUALLY FOUND
Miss Higgins	Boss	Boss	Her smile	Young ladies!	Admired	What she wishes	Where we "speak," she ain't
Miss Cornelius	Undecided	Over-worked	Her "Expression"	Now say that naturally	Urged	Persuaded	With the young ones?
Miss Strauss	Our friend	Strict	Her frankness	You flatter yourself	Obed	What she wants to be (undoubtedly)	On the go
Miss Harburt	Quality, not quantity	Sometimes inconsiderate	Worldly knowledge	All beginners make this mistake	Well up on everything	Always what she wants to be	In her favorite haunt, the "lab"
Miss Meyer	Invaluable	Rushed with work	Executive ability	Have you been late before?	Of service	Imposed upon	Willing to help in any way
Miss Williamson	Full of curiosity	Responsible for us all	Faithfulness	Is he on your list?	Run for post-master-general	Always taking care of us	"Johnny on the spot"
Miss Timberlake	Engaged	Lucky	Her ring	"I'm willing"	Married	Disillusioned	All dressed up and nowhere to go
Miss Dillon	Very popular during class periods	Too easy on the girls	The "dope" she hands von	Is the man eased	Counted in on all things	Talking it over with herself	Out on business
Miss Bones	Too old for the rest?	The same age as the rest	Her head—you see, the covering is red	Knowing Expression	As dignified as her position suggests	More so?	Planning how to get to N. C. again
Miss White	Unsettled	A typical Virginian	Her walk	Smiling	A good sport	According to M.B.S. meaning	Looking for the others
Miss Stuart	Equivalent to "Book of Knowledge"	Called upon to give you benefit of the doubt	Admirable character	Try and finish this reading by a definite time	Exactly what her position calls for	More to the girls	With a word of encouragement for all
Miss Caldwell	Very proper	Called upon to keep the whole of McChung quiet	Her very stately manner	Write a theme on any of the following—	With Miss Chorn	Where she wants to be	With her
Miss Chorn	An admirer of Miss Caldwell	Worldly wise	Odor of food predominant in her room	Questioning Expression	With Miss Caldwell	Where she wants to be	With her
Miss Du Pré	Different	Run over by the girls	Her misunderstanding of the Eng. language	W. T.	A friend to all	If you try to understand her	At five o'clock
Miss Montgomery	A possessor of a "fellow feeling"	Lazy	Her appreciation of "our fun"	An understanding Expression	As reasonable as possible	More reasonable than expected	With her room full of company
Miss Huthen	Ambitious	Called upon to give us everything that has been or will be pertaining to History	Her historical brain	Now young ladies, if we can just have quiet in the class	Very just and fair in her questions	Found answering the question for you	Reading up on History



Quiet Hour

(With apologies to *The Children's Hour*)

Between our dinner and supper
Before the night begins to lower,
Comes a pause in Sunday's occupation
That is known as Quiet Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
Gay voices loud and shrill,
Then the sound of a door that is opened
And a teacher bids them be still.

From my door I see in the hallway
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice and laughing Elizabeth
And Edith with her bobbed hair.

A whisper—and then a silence,
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are planning and plotting together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
They seem to have no fear at all,
But just as they dash to my room
A teacher walks through the hall.

Into closets and under the bed
In a minute they disappear,
But a knock—and a teacher says,
"Don't deny it—three girls are hiding here!"

They are dragged forth without mercy,
They are sent at once to their room,
And left to repent at leisure
With demerits as their doom.

Do you think, O gentle reader,
That my rest has now begun?
You're wrong—for there are letters
And little jobs that must be done.

At last with weariness I stop
And into my bed I fall,
But I can not get to sleep
For girls laughing up the hall.

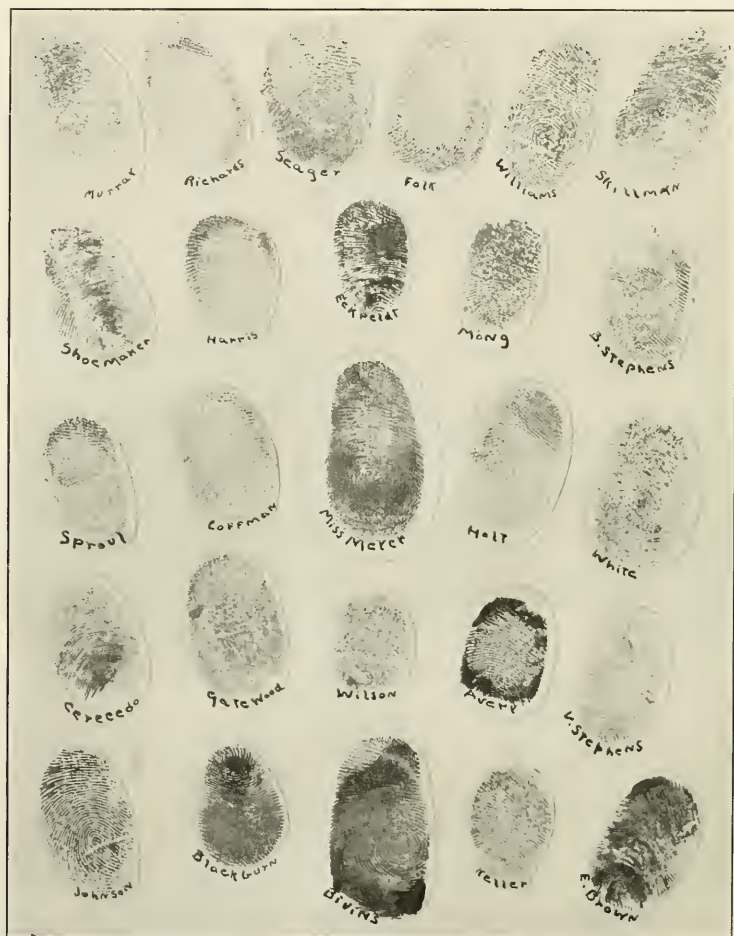
The bell rings and I've had no peace,
Still no one for this I blame,
It's funny they call it Quiet Hour;
But then—"what's in a name?"

L. HODGES.

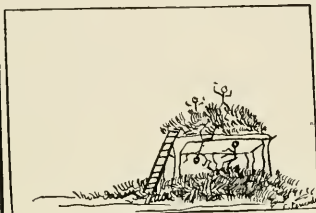
? ? ?

Miss Higgins called a meeting
In the court the other day,
And she started out with,
"Girls, there's just one thing I must say,
Lately I've been hearing
That you're bored with this school life,
And to say that it has hurt me,
Why, it cut me like a knife.
So I've organized a bridge club
And a dancing room for you,
And I hope when you are lonely
And have nothing else to do,
You'll come into the club room
And sit and chat with me.
Now, I ask you, dear young ladies,
Ain't we got fun, Oh, Gee!?"

V. M.



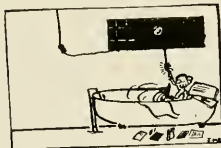
OUTLINE HISTORY of M. B. S. (with apologies to H.G. Wells.)



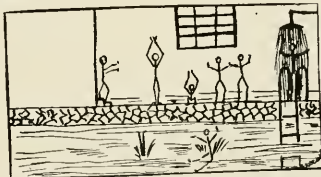
Hay-stack



5 A.M.



2:30 A.M.



5 A.M.



7:30 A.M.



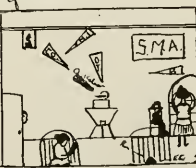
11 A.M.



5 P.M.



8 P.M.



11 P.M.

Gone

Oh! Sadie, where did you put it?
 Sadie, where has it gone?
 Sadie, what have you cast away
 Since yesterday at dawn?

Sadie, didst know that your face
 Which once seemed to me so sweet,
 Has changed its whole expression,
 And all from that foolhardy feat?

Sadie, do you think it proper
 To copy what others may do?
 Sadie, can't you be quite different,
 Remaining aloof among few?

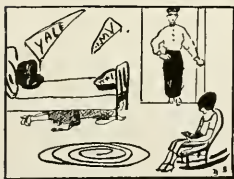
Sadie, have you ever thought
 That you from now on are changed?
 Yesterday morn, were you totally mad,
 Or only a little deranged?

Were you obeying an impulse,
 Or carrying out a dare?
 But Sadie I beg you to tell me,
 Why did you cut off your hair?????

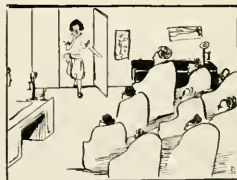
E. P. K.



In
 the
 Wrong
 Place



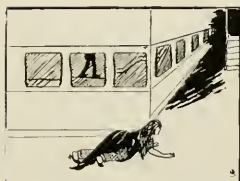
at
 the
 Wrong
 Time



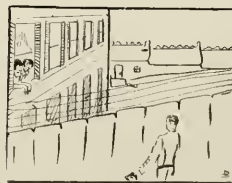
Modern Learning

Pa says the days at M. B. S.
 Are mighty good for me,
 Because I learned so much about
 What was and ought to be;
 And that some day I'll make him proud
 By being something great.
 And then I says to Pa, says I,
 "You'll not have long to wait,
 'Cause every day my head's stuffed full
 Of knowledge to the brim,
 And pretty soon I'll know so much
 That no more can soak in."
 Then Pa looked at me kinda 'sprised,
 Not thinkin' it was true,
 And says, "I must have proofs, my gal,
 Just give me one or two."
 And then I got to telling him
 How Shakespeare charged about
 Upon a foaming milk-white steed,
 And gave the Greeks a rout
 At Marathon, when they had tried
 To conquer the whole world
 While right before their very eyes
 The U. S. flag unfurled.
 And then I told how Kaiser Bill
 In sandals and a robe

With hymn and prayer book in his hand,
 Encircled the whole globe;
 His object was in doing so
 To Christianize the Goths;
 His preaching won him many souls,
 (He even got old Naboth)
 And by his patient, kindly deeds
 Was made a big hero.
 Then Pa said, "Right!" but Ma, she said,
 "Now wasn't that Nero?"
 "Aw no," says I, "I guess I know.
 And I can tell you more—
 Ben Franklin died in A. D. 10,
 H. Ford some years before;
 Apollo was a king of Spain,
 R. Kipling was a god,
 And Cyrus McCormick was the first
 To build a house of sod."
 "Hold on," says Pa, "that's quite enough
 To show me that you know
 Enough to be a president,
 A judge, or cop, and so
 Three cheers for splendid M. B. S.,
 The finest school around;
 For teaching good sound knowledge,
 It's equal can't be found.



In
 the
 Wrong
 Place
 at
 the
 Wrong
 Time



That's a Sure Sign

When you're where you wish you weren't
And you're bound by iron rule,
When you're starved and worked to death,
Then you must be at boarding school—
'Cause
That's
a
Sure
Sign!

When your insides get all funny
And when she speaks to you you blush,
When you watch her every movement,
Then I 'spec you got a crush.
'Cause
That's
a
Sure
Sign!

When you've played at work all year,
And at the end you have to cram,
When your name's missing from the list,
Then I guess you've flunked your exam.
'Cause
That's
a
Sure
Sign!

When girls start being sweet to you
And come to your room in flocks,
When they park on your bed all day,
Then I bet you've got a box.
'Cause
That's
a
Sure
Sign!

When you've tried to skip study hall,
And have slipped out in the snow,
When Miss Higgins calls you Sat'day,
Then I'm afraid to office you'll go.
'Cause
That's
a
Sure
Sign!

[illegible]

1906

A Midnight Tragedy

It happened on a mid nite clear,
This thing which I do tell,
It was in a sunken garden
The tragedy befell.

Now in this tale which I relate,
The characters are three;
She, the victim. He, the villain,
And the moon which all did see.

The maiden dashed upon the scene,
The villain close behind,
And her wild cries that rent the air
Would make you lose your mind.

'Round and 'round the garden they flew,
Her face was drawn in pain;
But tho' she ran like she was mad,
The man began to gain.

The girl was shaking with terror,
Her eyes showed she was cowed,
And the moon he got so nervous
He hid behind a cloud.

The man's eyes held a murderous gleam,
His face it burned with hate;
He made a lurch to grab the girl,
But he grabbed for her too late.

For up a tree she ran in haste
And perched upon a bough,
All the poor frightened cat could say
Was just a feeble "meow."

Just then the moon came out once more,
And laughed aloud in glee,
The man he growled but said not a word,
For only a dog was he.

M. G. W.

CYCLES OF STYLES



Quiz

- I. Why did you come to M. B. S.?
 1. Because it was hereditary.—M. G. W.
 2. To make brains where before there was a vacuum.—M. S.
 3. To become a society straggler.—E. P. K.
- II. What was your most embarrassing moment?
 1. Calling Miss W. Priss to her face.—V. K.
 2. When my toga came unwrapped in the latin play.—L. H.
- III. What would you suggest as an improvement?
 1. Dances with the real "thing" instead of substitutes.—E. J.
 2. Let the mails (?) alone.—M. B.
 3. Down with imperialism.—E. P. K.
- IV. Chief characteristic of M. B. S. girl?
 1. Much talk, little brains.—L. H.
 2. "Dizzy."—A. D.
 3. Slow but sure.—E. T.
- V. What has seminary done for you?
 1. You're right, it's "done for" me.—L. H.
 2. Made me appreciate home.—E. J.
- VI. If not yourself, who had you rather be?
 1. Gussy.—C. C.
 2. Lolita Cruser or Charlie Chaplain, doesn't matter which.—L. H.
 3. The squirrel on our seal—he has nothing to do.—A. W.
 4. A Victrola, all they need is winding.—K. D. M.
 5. No one whatsoever.—E. H.
- VII. What was your new year's resolution?
 1. To acquire a reputation to run on.—K. D. M.
 2. To get fat if possible.—D. D.
- VIII. What is your favorite expression?
 1. Tell me something, daughter.—E. H.
 2. Kce! Koo! Honey!—L. H.
 3. I certify!—N. L. H.
- IX. Your motto?
 1. Shy but willing.—A. T.
 2. Green but growing.—L. C.
 3. Love is almighty, but I'm not afraid.—A. R.
 4. Cheer up—every week has a week-end.—E. J.
- X. Your ambition?
 1. Not ambitious—Cæsar was killed for that.—B. S.
 2. To be papa's only little elephant.—A. B.
 3. To make tracks in the snow without leaving footprints.—K. D. M.

Advertisements

(Comments as I read a magazine)

Of all the things we often eat,
The worst I think is "Libby's meat."
"Margerine," that well known "salve,"
To taste it—Ugh! I'm sure you have!

There's "Durkees," which I deem a mess,
But most of all's "Premier." I detest—
Then "Royal," "Perfect," "made by our hands"
"All right," "Sublime," and next "Gelfands."

Such queer things to the fair sex are known—
These are found in each feminine home.
"Brilliantine," "Bandoline," in place, in line—
Now "Peroxide," "Sage Tea," and then "Turpentine."

Then, see, "there's a skin that we all love to touch"—
It's "Woodberry's" make—and used very much.
But, there's now out a new one (they say's hard to reach)
It's just called "Lemon"—guaranteed to bleach.

"Mulsified Coco Oil" straight from Peru,
Your hair just looks wonderful when you are through.
"Ivory's" the best—with decision's been said—
Can be used from your feet to the top of your head.

"Campbells" makes a lively start,
But *who* likes soup down deep in their heart?
And to cap the climax—fruit in season—
Then, "Instant Postum"—see "there's a reason."

"Energine" will stand the test—
Try it on your coat or dress!
Then, "Pepsodent," the king of all,
The tooth-paste for both young and small.

'Tis "Scot-tissue Towels" that you must choose,
Dry your face and hands, then wipe your shoes!

"Freezone," on your toe a drop
Will all your pain and troubles stop.

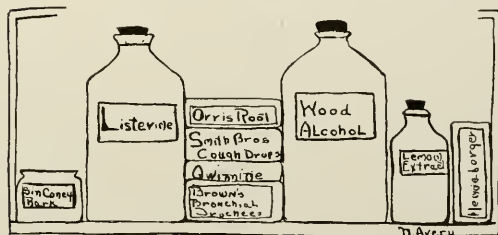
"Maxwell House" coffee to the final drop is fine—
Then, "Butterick Patterns," with their superb, unique design.

"Scaldsweet Oranges" from Florida do come—
Then, "Wrigleys" and "Adams," the best of all the gum.

A dandy car for Dad, for Mother, or even you—
Is the "Baby-Bear-Cat Stutz"—
In white, yellow, red, or blue.

All these things we read about—
And some use them, with a smile—
You see it's just these little things
That make our life worth while.

M. F.





?

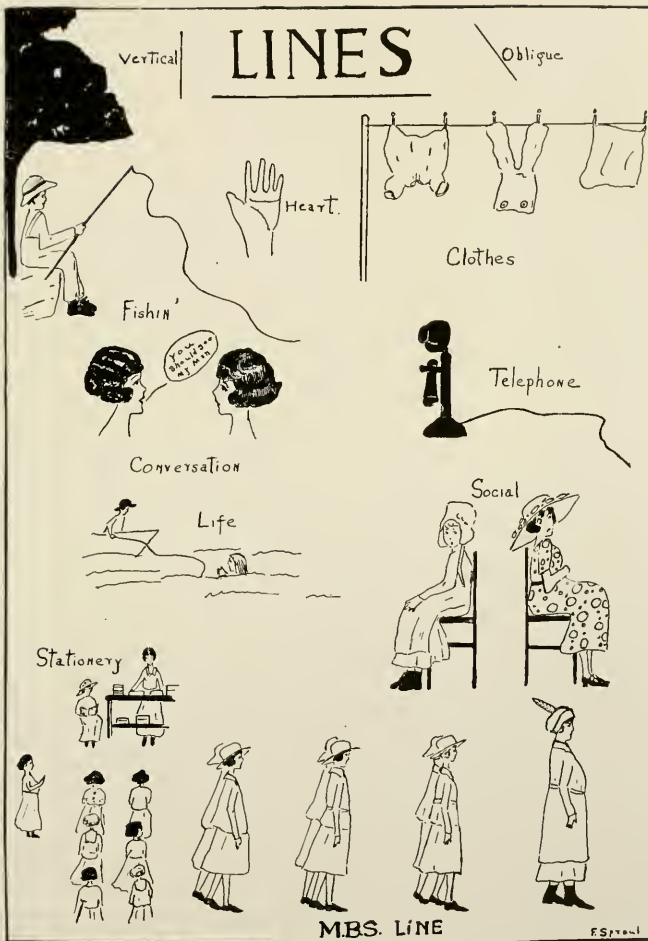
?

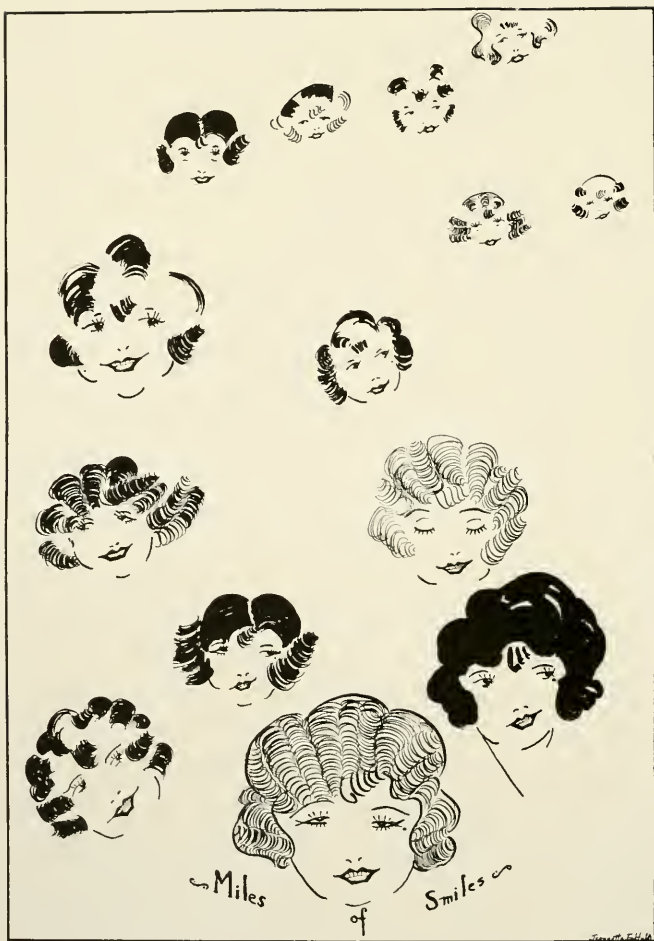
?

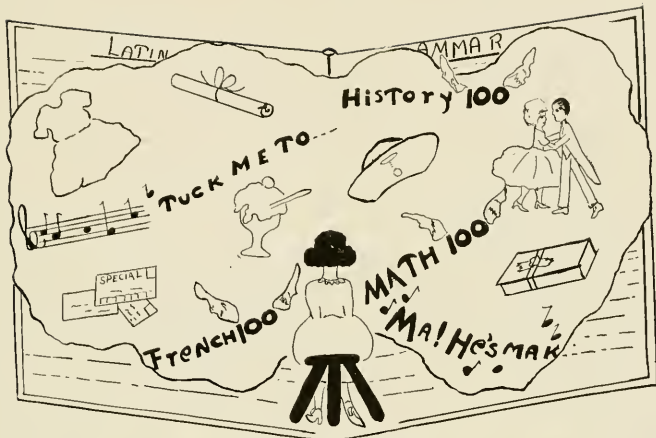
Vertical

LINES

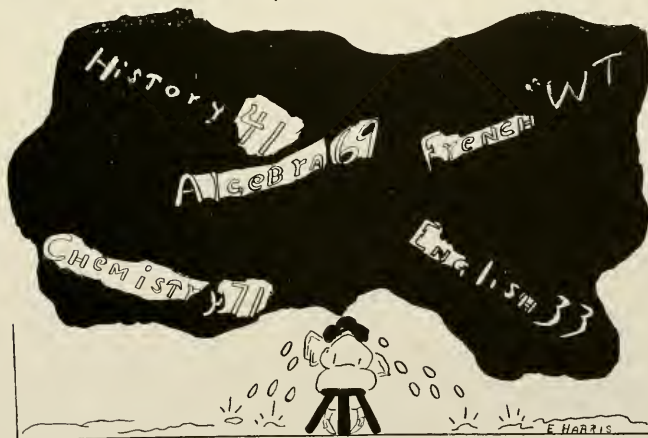
Oblique







Before Exams
and... AFTER!!!



E. HARRIS

Toast to M. B. S.

Of all the schools, in all the world, there's only one for me;
The one that *was*, the one that *is*, and the one that will always be.
She's the brightest in honor and the highest in name
And on the roll of glory is found her name.
"Virtute et opera" is the Baldwin crest;
In these she excells—as in faculty and zest,
In study and knowledge her true self she proves,
While in games and sport she seems never to lose.
Here's to the school whose pride is my boast—
To this school, the *only* school, I now make my toast:
To the true school, the real school, the bravest and best,
To your school, to my school, to our school—M. B. S.!!

D. SUMMERS.

Afterword



E.L.L., this is the "annual" for 1922. Have you liked it? Enjoyed reading it? Is it a success?

If it meets with your favor it is because of the splendid co-operation of the student body, without which we, the editors, could have done nothing. Then let us bestow all sorts of gratitude on the staff, each member of which has done her duty faithfully and unceasingly.

Particularly do we appreciate Miss Stuart's assistance and the fact that she was ready at any and all times to hear our troubles and to help.

And we would acknowledge our debt to Miss Meyer, with whom it has been an absolute joy to work.

Last but not least of those to whom we are indebted, is Miss Strauss, who "always gets what she goes after." This time she went after the hundred and one necessary things which the rest of us had forgotten.



Alumnae Association

President

MRS. ANNIE COBB-TOMS,
Durham, N. C.

First Vice-President

MRS. ELIZABETH HANGER-CHALENOR,
848 Peachtree St., Atlanta, Ga.

Second Vice-President

MRS. ANNIE HOTCHKISS-HOWISON,
Staunton, Va.

Corresponding Secretary

MRS. HOWARD WILSON,
Stuarts Draft, Va.

Recording Secretary

MRS. JANET STEPHENSON-ROLLER,
Ft. Defiance, Va.

Treasurer

MISS FANNIE STRAUSS,
Staunton, Va.

Chairman Missionary Scholarship Committee

MRS. ANNIE HOTCHKISS-HOWISON,
Staunton, Va.

The Alumnae Association cordially wishes all the 1922 graduates and outgoing students to become members of this Association. The object of the organization is to perpetuate the feeling of loyalty toward the Seminary, and to keep the girls in close touch with the School and each other. The dues are one dollar on enrollment and one dollar per year thereafter.

Directory—Teachers

Higgins, Miss Marianna P.	Mary Baldwin Seminary, Staunton, Va.
Bones, Miss Priscilla C.	11 Slosson Terrace, Staten Island, N. Y.
Caldwell, Miss Ellen G.	Wytheville, Va.
Chorn, Miss Sarah M.	637 E. Main St., Lexington, Ky.
Cornelius, Miss Ara A.	501 N. E. 6th Ave., Mineral Wells, Texas
Dillon, Miss Hattie	Goldsboro, N. C.
Du Pré, Mlle. Louise G.	M. B. S., Staunton, Va.
Edmondson, Misses Gertrude and Lucy	N. Market St., Staunton, Va.
Eisenberg, C. F. W.	931 N. Augusta St., Staunton, Va.
Eisenberg, Miss Mary Caroline	931 N. Augusta St., Staunton, Va.
Fontaine, Miss Lena R.	Crockett, Va.
Fraser, Miss Nora B.	N. Coalter St., Staunton, Va.
Gunnison, Miss Grace	158 Second Ave., Troy, N. Y.
Hullihen, Miss Elizabeth C.	Staunton, Va.
Hurlburt, Miss Mary F.	59 Freemont St., Bloomfield, N. J.
Keister, Miss Pearle	Staunton, Va.
Latané, Miss Edith	1412 Park Ave., Baltimore, Md.
McFarland, Miss Abbie M.	Mary Baldwin Seminary, Staunton, Va.
McFarland, Miss Nancy W.	Mary Baldwin Seminary, Staunton, Va.
Meyer, Miss Gertrude	Baltimore, Md.
Montgomery, Miss Alma E.	West Augusta, Va.
Morse, Miss Lydia Dodge	Fort Meadow, Marlborough, Mass.
Pignol, Miss Martha	114 72nd St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Price, Miss Nina	2109 Grove Ave., Richmond, Va.
Schmidt, R. W.	Staunton, Va.
Schoolar, Miss Norma	2102 Tenth Ave., S. Birmingham, Ala.
Strauss, Miss Fannie B.	315 N. New St., Staunton, Va.
Stuart, Miss Flora	Wytheville, Va.
Switzer, Miss Virginia W.	102 N. Jefferson St., Staunton, Va.
Templeton, James L.	Staunton, Va.
Timberlake, Miss Marie Edna	Fredericksburg, Va.
White, Miss India O.	Charlottesville, Va., R. F. D. 4
Williamson, Miss Helen	The Sheridan, 1523 22 St., Washington, D. C.
Yount, Mrs. Frank L.	802 Alleghany Ave., Staunton, Va.

Directory—Students

Aaronson, Virginia Jane	Aberdeen, Md.
Adams, Margery	Mountain Lakes, N. Y.
Adams, Annie Pauline	The Plains, Va.
Albert, Ruth	Elizabethton, Ky.
Allen, Margaret Eloise	58 E. 15th St., Atlanta, Ga.
Alexander, Mary Elizabeth	330 Sherwood Ave., Staunton, Va.
Alvis, Anne Isabel	Fishersville, Va.
Anderson, Bernyce Ninevah	Clearfield, Pa.
Ansley, Nina Pearl	Dumright, Okla.
Avery, Nella Hart	The Chesterfield Apartments, Richmond, Va.
Babington, Mary Love	301 S. Broad St., Gastonia, N. C.
Baskerville, Marion Harcourt	Gallatin, Tenn.
Bear, Dorothy Stickley	359 Sherwood Ave., Staunton, Va.
Bear, Jessie Sarah	359 Sherwood Ave., Staunton, Va.
Bell, Dorothy Tobin	321 W. Laurel St., San Antonio, Texas
Benson, Carolyn Taylor	91 Frost Ave., Frostburg, Md.
Benson, Helen Delano	91 Frost Ave., Frostburg, Md.
Billings, Mary Goodloe	512 N. Walnut St., Seymour, Ind.
Bishop, Margaret White	72 W. 93d St., New York City
Bivins, Elizabeth Joyce	200 Pierce St., Clearwater, Fla.
Blackburn, Olyve Henkel	Staunton, Va., Route 4
Blackley, Mary Gilkerson	302 E. Main St., Staunton, Va.
Bond, Juliet Lyle Brook	141 N. Coalter St., Staunton, Va.
Bowen, Mary Ellen	Witten's Mills, Va.
Bowman, Elizabeth Pinckney	105 Madison Place, Staunton, Va.
Boxley, Martha Cabell	Orange, Va.
Boxley, Virginia Mansfield	Orange, Va.
Boxley, Emma Wills	Orange, Va.
Boyd, Anne Elizabeth	Brewton, Ala.
Bradford, Anne Margaret	216 Frederick St., Staunton, Va.
Braxton, Agnes Trimble	365 Sherwood Ave., Staunton, Va.
Braxton, Mary Tomlin	365 Sherwood Ave., Staunton, Va.
Bristol, Miriam Buckner	60 Western Ave., Mansfield, Ohio
Brooks, Florence Ewers	1112 Decatur St., Richmond, Va.
Brown, Anna Cleo	312 S. Fayette St., Staunton, Va.
Brown, Frances Campbell	228 E. Frederick St., Staunton, Va.
Brown, Laura Morrison	228 E. Frederick St., Staunton, Va.
Brown, Mary Elizabeth	Swoope, Va.
Brown, Margaret Gertrude	3320 Cliff Road, Birmingham, Ala.

Bruen, Anna Miller	Belvidere, N. J.
Buchanan, Alice Wyatt603 S. Tryon St., Charlotte, N. C.
Builder, Margaret Weller1023 S. 26th St., Birmingham, Ala.
Bull, Mary Virginia	Hanover Ave., Larchmont, Norfolk, Va.
Bullet, Marion Ellen593 Linwood Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
Burkholder, Ellen Hanger519 W. Frederick St., Staunton, Va.
Cadmus, Catherine96 Forest Ave., Glen Ridge, N. J.
Calhoun, Miriam Crawford	Fishersville, Va.
Carleton, Margaret Frances	Chilton Hall, Staunton, Va.
Carleton, Helen Elizabeth	Chilton Hall, Staunton, Va.
Carleton, Elsie Florence	Chilton Hall, Staunton, Va.
Carpenter, Evelyn	Covington, Va.
Carper, Helen Ann	Churchville, Va.
Carr, Virginia Louise907 Market St., Parkersburg, W. Va.
Carson, Catherine Evelyn1216 N. Kansas St., El Paso, Texas
Cason, Eva Lillian	Monticello, Ark.
Cerecedo, Carmen Tosca606 W. 178th St., New York City
Chew, Elva Lee	Staunton, Va., Route 4
Clark, Louise B.156 Cypress Ave., Flushing, N. Y.
Coffman, Lucy Page76 Vernon St., Oakland, Calif.
Coiner, Mrs. Kate Jackson	Fishersville, Va.
Coney, Retta Fannin121 E. 45th St., Savannah, Ga.
Cook, Eva Ione	Bellevue Park, Richmond, Va.
Coons, Temple	Augusta St., Staunton, Va.
Cox, Lucile620 Locust St., Bristol, Tenn.
Cox, Kathryn Crane334 Ashland Ave., Park Ridge, Ill.
Crafton, Catherine Elizabeth114 Fayette St., Staunton, Va.
Crafton, Frances Louise114 Fayette St., Staunton, Va.
Craig, Lucile Virginia	Staunton, Va. Route 3
Crawford, Lillian Frances	Staunton, Va., Route 7
Crenshaw, Sarah Keeble	Hartsville, Tenn.
Creswell, Rachel1546 N. First St., Abilene, Texas
Crowell, Minnie Lois61 Franklin Ave., Concord, N. C.
Cruser, Lolita Dnncan923 Westover Ave., Norfolk, Va.
Cummings, Virginia Fley	Apt. 78, Virginia Hotel, Staunton, Va.
Curry, Dorothy	Staunton, Va.
Daniel, Margaret Daniel401 Kendall St., San Antonio, Texas
Daniel, Marion Sterling202 E. High St., Charlottesville, Va.
Danner, Mary Artis	Brookewood, Va.
Danner, Rebeca Elizabeth	Brookewood, Va.
Davidson, Virginia Lewis311 Berkeley Place, Staunton, Va.

Davis, Mary Ellen	Cecilton, Md.
Davis, Katherine Elena	Federalburg, Md.
Deans, Aylmer Gray	306 W. Nash St., Wilson, N. C.
Deans, Margaret Rountree	306 W. Nash St., Wilson, N. C.
Dennis, Jane Navarre	4724 Bann Blvd., Pittsburg, Pa.
Denton, Lucy May	North River, Va.
Derbyshire, Anne	V. M. L., Lexington, Va.
Dobson, Dorothea	Severn Crest, Md.
Dodge, Susannah Witherspoon	150 Vernon Terrace, Jacksonville, Fla.
Doll, Alice Gertrude	New Market, Va.
Donovan, Josephine	715 Ann St., Parkersburg, W. Va.
Duffie, Marjorie Kathrine	Berkeley, Calif.
Dunlop, Agnes Lee	Gotebo, Okla.
Dyess, Louise Weatherly	656 W. Ave., Augusta, Ga.
Eagle, Carolyn	Ronceverte, W. Va.
Eckfeldt, Jeannette Matilda	438 Seneca St., Bethlehem, Pa.
Edgar, Marguerite Mabel	209 W. Frederick St., Staunton, Va.
Eisenberg, Dorothy Maire	931 N. Augusta St., Staunton, Va.
Erwin, Margaret Montgomery	821 W. Broad St., Bethlehem, Pa.
Finch, Mary Ford	Wilson, N. C.
Flemming, Mrs. Katherine	301 E. Main St., Staunton, Va.
Folk, Eleanor Lewis	1702 Blair Boulevard, Nashville, Tenn.
Foreman, Mary Margaret	209 W. Main St., Elizabeth City, N. C.
Fought, Juanita Lucille	Pennsboro, W. Va.
Frasier, Marian Lucille	Rock Island, Ill.
Frischkorn, Monica	2007 Barton Ave., Richmond, Va.
Fultz, Marguerite Lyle	Staunton, Va., Route 5
Gage, Margaret	501 A East, Hutchinson, Kan.
Gainer, Georgia Frances	1911 Nineteenth St., Parkersburg, W. Va.
Gaster, Eleanor Corinne	Dermott, Ark.
Gatewood, Frances Virginia	Douglas Lodge, Vancouver, B. C.
Gaw, Helen	Waynesboro, Va.
Gay, Vivian	2728 Riverside Ave., Jacksonville, Fla.
Giffin, Kathryn Augusta	1302 Patterson Ave., Roanoke, Va.
Gilbert, Helene Marie	269 Willey St., Morgantown, W. Va.
Glick, Hope Delong	Gallatin, Tenn.
Gochenour, Carolyn Catherine	14 W. Frederick St., Staunton, Va.
Goodloe, Kathleen Coleman	102 Church St., Staunton, Va.
Gotten, Frances Leona	Bartlett, Tenn.
Grasty, Mary Campbell	Staunton, Va., Box 485
Grasty, Lucile Olivia	Staunton, Va., Box 485

Graves, Audrey Liberty Mills, Va.
 Green, Maylia Ernestine 220 W. 49th St., New York City
 Greenstone, Anna 28 S. Augusta St., Staunton, Va.
 Griffin, Martha Glover Rome, Ga., Box 224
 Grimes, Mrs. Constance Curry Staunton, Va., Box 412
 Guerrant, Lucy Russell 4812 Rosewood Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.
 Hamilton, Mary Wilson 8 Tams St., Staunton, Va.
 Hardeman, Florence Elizabeth 114 Clayton St., Macon, Ga.
 Hardie, Anne Gary Myers Park, Charlotte, N. C.
 Harman, Jane St. Clair Tazewell, Va.
 Harris, Mary Lou 205 Churchville Ave., Staunton, Va.
 Harris, Pauline Elizabeth Mint Spring, Va.
 Harris, Elizabeth Potter 190 N. Union St., Concord, N. C.
 Harrison, Nina Bedford, Va.
 Hearne, Virginia Albemarle, N. C.
 Hearne, Mary Lilly Albemarle, N. C.
 Heath, Lucibel Chappelle 505 Central Ave., Charlotte, N. C.
 Henderlite, Virginia Gastonia, N. C.
 Henderson, Eleanor Nowlin 144 E. French Place, San Antonio, Texas
 Hendon, Nancy Lee 962 Baxter Ave., Louisville, Ky.
 Heneberger, Lucy Bailey 43 Myrtle Terrace, Winchester, Mass.
 Heneberger, Virginia Bailey 43 Myrtle Terrace, Winchester, Mass.
 Hinyan, Alice Beatrice 1846 N. Wilton Place, Hollywood, Cal.
 Hodges, Louise Greenwood, S. C.
 Hogshead, Harriet Harfield 14 N. Madison St., Staunton, Va.
 Hollister, Katharine de Manderville Stop 10, Troy Road, Schnectady, N. Y.
 Holt, Mary Caperton 324 E. Main St., Staunton, Va.
 Holt, Margaret Pegram 324 E. Main St., Staunton, Va.
 Hoover, Antha Estelle Staunton, Va., Route 5
 Hoy, Mary Elizabeth 202 Fayette St., Staunton, Va.
 Huffman, Elizabeth Walters 2824 N. Calvert St., Baltimore, Md.
 Hughes, Esther Lee Churchville, Va.
 Hutchinson, Mary Frances Gallatin, Tenn.
 Jackson, Mary Magdalene Jane Lew, W. Va.
 Johnson, Marjorie 1253 Wheatland Ave., Lancaster, Pa.
 Jones, Elsie Walker New Bern, N. C.
 Keller, Margaret Inez 1230 E. 31st St., Savannah, Ga.
 Kennedy, Elsie Kerah Montgomery Hall, Staunton, Va.
 Kerr, Thelma Isabel Staunton, Va., Route 3
 Kingman, Leila Elizabeth 161 N. Coalter St., Staunton, Va.
 Kiracofe, Charlene Madison 24 Church St., Staunton, Va.

Kirby, Anna Cleo Greenville, Va., Route 1
 Kyle, Emily Pitzer The Argyle Apts., Washington, D. C.
 Lambert, Kitty Burnett Staunton, Va., Box 517
 Lampkin, Lois Cobb 158 Milledge Ave., Athens, Ga.
 Lampkin, Lucy Cobb 158 Milledge Ave., Athens, Ga.
 Landis, Madelene Correathers Weyers Cave, Va.
 Lawrence, Mary Louise Arlington Heights, Fort Worth, Texas
 Lemen, Alice Reid 22 Broadway, Hagerstown, Md.
 Levi, Marion Elizabeth Berryville, Va.
 Leys, Frances Carroll 803 Court St., Lynchburg, Va.
 Lister, Marian 103 Stratford St., Houston, Texas
 Lister, Lucile 103 Stratford St., Houston, Texas
 Llewellyn, Charlotte 306 High St., Chattanooga, Tenn.
 Llewellyn, Sarah 306 High St., Chattanooga, Tenn.
 Logan, Elizabeth Roy 221 Prospect St., Staunton, Va.
 Lowman, Virginia Johnston Millboro, Va.
 Lyle, Amelia Staunton, Va., Route 5
 McDonald, Aitie Bruce 337 W. 7th St., Jacksonville, Fla.
 McKnight, Katherine Sanders 1310 Broadway, Paducah, Ky.
 Mantz, Virginia Diebrich Edinburg, Va.
 Marion, Evelyn Elizabethton, Ky.
 Marshall, Glenora South Essex, Mass., Box 112
 Marshall, Mildred South Essex, Mass., Box 112
 Martin, Rocier Craig Ronceverte, W. Va.
 Maxwell, Anna Williams 1434 Park St., Jacksonville, Fla.
 Mitchell, Katie Dale 21 Williams St., Waycross, Ga.
 Mitchell, Margaret 411 Winthrop St., Staunton, Va.
 Mitchell, Mary Benham 16 Church St., Staunton, Va.
 Moffett, Nancy Ophelia Staunton, Va., Route 2
 Mong, Martha Elizabeth 327 Broadway, Greenville, Ohio
 Montgomery, Alice Sands Danville, Ky.
 Morgan, Vivian McAllister 1027 Union St., Brunswick, Ga.
 Morriss, Dorothy Elizabeth 215 N. Market St., Staunton, Va.
 Morris, Ellen Mae Gibsonia, Pa.
 Morris, Bessie Gibsonia, Pa.
 Moseley, Frances Ficklen 440 Fifth St., Greenville, N. C.
 Mowery, Ruth Ella Paulding, Ohio
 Murray, Marie Enloe 1107 18th Ave., South, Nashville, Tenn.
 Murray, Vivien Gwendolyn 240 Avenue H, Billings, Mont.
 Myer, Marjorie 212 Kennedy Court, Louisville, Ky.
 Newbold, Cynthia June 3724 Jocelyn St., Cherry Chase, D. C.
 Nolan, Agnes Virginia Ronceverte, W. Va.

Nottingham, Lillian Hodges	Chesapeake, Va.
Nottingham, Fannie Dunton	Chesapeake, Va.
Ogden, Katharine Abbott	Golf Club Road, Nashville, Tenn.
Olivier, Elizabeth Grattan	25 S. St. Clair St., Staunton, Va.
O'Neal, Claiborne	338 Pine St., Spartansburg, S. C.
Orr, Evelyn	1919 Linden Ave., Nashville, Tenn.
Palmer, Charlotte Virginia	127 Maple Ave., Berkley, Norfolk, Va.
Palmer, Marion	1252 Ottawa Ave., Ottawa, Ill.
Pancake, Mary Moore	120 E. Frederick St., Staunton, Va.
Parker, Gladys Wahneta	Raphine, Va.
Patterson, Mary Campbell	Douglas, Ga.
Payne, Elizabeth James	319 Vine St., Staunton, Va.
Peatross, Katherine Hazen	6 Rosendale Apts., Norfolk, Va.
Perkins, Mary Elizabeth	417 Church St., Greensboro, N. C.
Perry, Katharine	16 N. Washington St., Staunton, Va.
Pettyjohn, Mary Macon	700 Federal St., Lynchburg, Va.
Peyton, Betty Washington	305 E. Beverley St., Staunton, Va.
Pierce, Frances Jane	353 Sherwood Ave., Staunton, Va.
Pierce, Gertrude	Washington Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Potter, Elizabeth Harris	321 High St., Chattanooga, Tenn.
Price, Viola Gertrude	516 W. William St., Paulding, Ohio
Prichard, Lydia Robson	Gaymont, Staunton, Va., Box 378
Putnam, Elizabeth Reppert	415 W. Bath Ave., Ashland, Ky.
Quarles, Cornelia Taylor	Edgewood Road, Staunton, Va.
Quarles, Mary Nelson	Edgewood Road, Staunton, Va.
Ralston, Sara Frances	317 E. Main St., Staunton, Va.
Rankin, Emily Louise	Connellsville, Pa.
Ratchford, Ethel	Staunton, Va.
Ratchford, Mary Frances	Staunton, Va.
Reay, Virginia Dent	154 Holland Ave., Morgantown, W. Va.
Rhett, Lila Ewart	48 Elizabeth St., Charleston, S. C.
Richards, Irene Inez	910 Armour St., Kansas City, Mo.
Richardson, Hilda Elaine	221 Boston Ave., Randolph-Macon Heights, Lynchburg, Va.
Robertson, Reta Virginia	310 Kalorama St., Staunton, Va.
Ruckman, Frances Moore	Selma, Staunton, Va.
Rumpf, Alyse Irene	89 Mayo St., Greenwich, Conn.
Rumpf, Edythe Elaine	89 Mayo St., Greenwich, Conn.
Rushton, Charlotte Louise	3314 Cliff Road, Birmingham, Ala.
Russell, Frances H.	212 N. Market St., Staunton, Va.
Russell, Marjorie Gibbs	212 N. Market St., Staunton, Va.

Shafer, Caroline215 E. Main St., Staunton, Va.
 Saunders, Margaret Ball410 Stuart Circle, Richmond, Va.
 Schenck, Sallie WilfongRichmond, Va., Box 37
 Seager, Mary Elizabeth29 Dighton St., Brighton, Mass.
 Seibert, Estelle Johnston48 Conley Place, Bloomfield, N. J.
 Shaw, Hester Anne413 Beachley St., Myersdale, Pa.
 Sheets, Marian Crawford826 Maple St., Staunton, Va.
 Shoemaker, Dorothy Gage826 W. Drive, Woodruff Place, Indianapolis, Ind.
 Sinclair, Henri42 Church St., Waycross, Ga.
 Skillman, Margaret Sheppard4911 Gaston Ave., Dallas, Texas.
 Smith, Augusta Gage1332 Clifton St., Birmingham, Ala.
 Smith, Florence Margaret513 Fan St., Tyler, Texas
 Smith, Mary ThorpeWilson, N. C.
 Spragins, Margaret Elizabeth1407 Park Ave., Baltimore, Md.
 Sproul, Agnes ErskineStaunton, Va.
 Sproul, EugeniaStaunton, Va.
 Sproul, Harriet ErskineStaunton, Va.
 Sproul, Frances RutherfordMiddlebrook, Va.
 Stephens, Barbara VirginiaWinton Hotel, Cleveland, Ohio
 Stephens, Elizabeth NellWinton Hotel, Cleveland, Ohio
 Stewart, Alphonsine D.1176 Country Club Drive, Ashland, Ky.
 Stickley, Sarah GertrudeStrasburg, Va.
 Stimson, Virginia Valentine115 Madison Place, Staunton, Va.
 Summers, Douglas409 E. Valley St., Abingdon, Va.
 Taylor, Dixie201 N. Coalter St., Staunton, Va.
 Taylor, Mary Garland8 Oakenwold Terrace, Staunton, Va.
 Taylor, Virginia Blain6 Johnson St., Staunton, Va.
 Terrell, Mary ElizabethDouglas, Ga.
 Terrell, Agnes Bell223 W. Agrita Ave., San Antonio, Texas
 Thomas, Alleen VirginiaStaunton, Va., Route 1
 Thompson, Maitland Le Grande1207 N. Main St., Lumberton, N. C.
 Thompson, Mary Ruth5 Pennsylvania Ave., Morgantown, W. Va.
 Tully MaurineMt. Hope, W. Va.
 Tynes, Margaret Elizabeth126 N. Augusta St., Staunton, Va.
 Van Devanter, Margaret24 S. Market St., Staunton, Va.
 Van Horn, Mona Irene80 Cumberland St., Cumberland, Md.
 Vaughan, Laura Hunter1241 Government St., Mobile, Ala.
 Venable, Louise C.2721 Rivermont Ave., Lynchburg, Va.
 Vincent, Emma DawsonStaunton, Va.
 Wagaman, Anna Elizabeth529 Surrey St., Hagerstown, Md.

Wall, Mrs. Elizabeth Parker Raphine, Va.
 Wallace, Charlotte East Brady, Pa.
 Walters, Martha Gwathmey 215 E. Main St., Staunton, Va.
 Walton, Mary Linton Esseton, Staunton, Va.
 Warfield, Margaret Irma Evergreen Hall, Woodbury, N. J.
 Warner, Beatrice Caroline Topside, Staunton, Va.
 Webster, Lois Rocky Point, Va.
 Weller, Pauline Frances 506 W. Main St., Staunton, Va.
 Wells, Catharine Seymour .. Columbia Theological Seminary, Columbia, S. C.
 Wells, Sarah Maslin Columbia Theological Seminary, Columbia, S. C.
 White, Ozelia Brookneal, Va.
 Williams, Fannie V. 820 Pine St., Texarkana, Texas
 Williams, Grace Winifred ... 5614 Chevy Chase Drive, N. W., Washington, D. C.
 Wilson, Anne Maryland 802 Leroy Ave., Rock Falls, Ill.
 Wilson, Elizabeth Cookeville, Tenn.
 Wilson, Elizabeth McCalmont 1st Avenue and 59th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Winn, Mary Gertrude 614 S. Lawrence St., Montgomery, Ala.
 Witz, Katharine Frances 232 Beverley Terrace, Staunton, Va.
 Witz, Marjorie Burton 232 Beverley Terrace, Staunton, Va.
 Wolf, Anna 924 E. Anderson St., Savannah, Ga.
 Wood, Mary Gray 208 N. Downing St., Piqua, Ohio
 Woods, Dorothy Case 40 Boulevard, East, Mountain Lakes, N. J.
 Zimmerman, Mary Elizabeth Romney, W. Va.





ESTABLISHED IN 1842

Mary Baldwin Seminary

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

for Young Ladies



TERM BEGINS SEPTEMBER 7, 1922

Located in the beautiful and historic Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. Unsurpassed climate, handsome buildings, and modern appointments. Students past session from twenty-nine States and three foreign countries.

Courses,: Collegiate [3 years]; Preparatory [4 years], Music, Art, Expression, Domestic Science, and Athletics. Gymnasium and Field. Small classes and thorough work.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

MARIANNA P. HIGGINS, *Principal*

Where the Woman Who Knows
Buys Her Clothes

We are agents for MODART CORSETS

Treo Girdles, Brassiers, Minerva Yarns, Royal Society Art
Goods, Munsing Underwear, Van Raltie Hose and Gloves

AND

A full line of Coats, Suits, Dresses and Millinery

HARRY WALTERS

WITZ BUILDING

MAIN STREET

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

The
HOME
of
Good Homes
F. C. HAMER & CO.
Real Estate and Insurance
24 S. Augusta St. STAUNTON, VA.



WHEN YOUR FOLKS
come to see you ask
them to stop here for their
meals and special dishes.

Chris' Place

ARISTA HOGE

W. B. McCHESNEY

Hoge & McChesney

Atlas Insurance Agency

Fire and Life

Insurance

Surety Bonds

Furnished

OFFICE—OPERA HOUSE

Staunton, Virginia

BELL'S

**Ice Cream Soda
Water**

Has a Reputation of

It's Own

28 East Main Street

Staunton, Virginia

Come to Staunton

The Queen City
Of The Valley

If you have Children, we have the best Schools

If you have bad health, we have the Ideal Climate

If you have money to spend, we will give you
its value in

Ice, Coal and Wood

CLEM BROTHERS

Staunton, - Virginia

Beverly Book Co., Inc.

Books, Stationery
Memory Books
Kodak Albums
Victrolas
and
Records

MASONIC TEMPLE

STAUNTON, VA.

Clothes of
Distinction and Character
For the
COLLEGE GIRL

Our clothes eliminate expensive mistakes
Let us assist you with your clothes troubles

P a l a i s R o y a l

“The House of Fashion”

Dr. Hume Sprinkel

Dentist



20 Central Avenue
STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

Dependable Furniture

Everything to add taste and
good service to your school
room.

PRICES VERY MODER-
ATE

S. M. Wilkes & Co.

116 W. Main St.

Phone 659

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

Walters Produce House

FRESH FRUITS

and

VEGETABLES

THE YEAR AROUND

Staunton - Virginia

Footer's Dye Works

Cleaners—Dyers

“Always Safest and Best”

CUMBERLAND
MARYLAND

Shreckhise Co.

Agency

Johnson Wright Co.

Books

Pictures

Picture Frames

Fine Stationery

Engraving and Die Stamping

36 North Augusta Street

Sproul & Crowle

Insurance and Fidelity Bonds

Phone 158

Masonic Temple

Staunton, Virginia

Valley Tire & Supply Co.

ACCESSORIES

TIRES and TUBES

BEARINGS FOR ALL CARS

PISTON RINGS

VULCANIZING

Phone 937 - Staunton, Va.

Snyder Electrical Co.

Wm. Snyder, Manager

Electrical Contractors

**Dynamos, Motors and
Suction Sweepers**

**Electric and Com-
bination Fixtures**

5 West Frederick Street

STAUNTON, VA.

Phone 236

**Augusta
National Bank**

CAPITAL

\$100,000.00

SURPLUS and PROFITS

\$200,000.00

RESOURCES

\$1,500,000.00

Willson Bros.

THE
Rexall
DRUGGISTS
USE

Jontcel Talcum

it is perfectly smooth,
free from all grit, de-
lightfully perfumed, and
contains nothing to in-
jure the most delicate skin

25c THE
CAN

Willson Bros.

Druggists

Coiner's Auto Livery

14 North New Street

New Car Service

Five and Seven Passenger

Oldsmobile Sedan

Lexington and Oldsmobile Cars

Phone Day or Night

Service **Telephone 1063** Service

Hotel Virginia

STAUNTON

VIRGINIA

A thoroughly modern hotel liberally
conducted on the European plan.

A. T. MOORE, Prop.

M. KIVLIGHAN
F. T. HOLT

M. L. HOLT
J. L. WITZ

White Star Mills

Manufacturers of

HIGH-GRADE FLOUR

Ask your grocers for

MELROSE PATENT

WHITE STAR PATENT

NEW PROCESS STRAIGHT

Brands Manufactured Solely by

WHITE STAR MILLS

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

— SEE —

Curtis P. Bowman

Chas. C. Fleming

“INSURANCE”

WITZ BUILDING

Staunton Military Academy

AN IDEAL HOME SCHOOL FOR MANLY BOYS

Government Honor School

575 boys from 47 States last session. One of the largest private academies in the East. Boys from ten to twenty years old prepared for Universities, Government Academies or Business.

1,600 feet above sea level: pure, dry, bracing mountain air of the proverbially healthful and beautiful Valley of the Shenandoah. Pure mineral spring water. High moral tone. Parental discipline. Military training develops obedience, health, manly carriage. Shady lawns, extensively equipped gymnasium, swimming pool, athletic park. Daily-drills and exercises in open air. Boys from homes of culture and refinement only desired. Personal, individual instruction by our tutorial system. Academy sixty years old. \$275,000 barraeks, full equipment, absolutely fireproof. Charges \$600.00. Catalogue free. Address

COL. THOS. H. RUSSELL, President, STAUNTON, VA.

*The Biggest and Best
Equipped Plant
in the State*

WOODWARD'S

*Cleaning and Dyeing
Works*

STAUNTON, VA.

Cook with Gas

KLEAN and KOOL

Citizens Gas Company

"A gas range is a cook
stove with a college educa-
tion."

**Worthington Hardware
Company**

Incorporated

A full line of
SHELF and HEAVY
Hardware

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

The Banner Store

Exclusive Selling Agents in Staunton

**GOSSARD CORSETS
KABO CORSETS**

**ROYAL WORCHESTER
CORSETS**

PRINTZESS COATS and SUITS
and other good things of national
repute

Telephone 175

The BANNER STORE

Main Street and Central Avenue, Staunton, Va.

It's a Good Place to Buy

For the Graduate

Are you at loss to know what to
give this year?

It won't take long to decide if
you will come in and look over our
stock of fine jewelry.

We have just received a shipment
of newly designed Class Pins, Rings,
Brooches and other goods that
would be very appropriate and
couldn't be other than appreciated.
We would appreciate a call
from you.

D. L. SWITZER
JEWELER

19 East Main Street STAUNTON, VA

**OUR
DELICIOUS BAKERY**

Products Have Made Us Famous

**Fancy Ice Cream
A Specialty**

AGENCY

**Whitman's Fine Choco-
lates and Confections**

EDWIN R. ANDERSON

FORMERLY BARKMAN'S

12 E. Main St.

STAUNTON - VIRGINIA

Compliments of

R. L. STRATTON & CO.

WHOLESALE GROCERS

Staunton - - - Virginia

Condensed Statement Rendered U. S. Government

THE NATIONAL VALLEY BANK OF STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

DECEMBER 31, 1921

RESOURCES		LIABILITIES	
Loans and Investments	\$2,128,091.45	Capital Stock	\$ 200,000.00
United States Bonds	327,750.08	Surplus and Profits	405,018.84
Overdrafts	340.14	Circulation	107,800.00
Banking House Fur. and Fix.	89,926.72	Deposits	1,872,523.38
Cash and Due from Banks	389,253.83	Bonds Borrowed	110,000.00
		Bills Payable	240,000.00
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	\$2,935,342.22		\$2,935,342.22

Augusta County's Oldest, Largest and Strongest Bank

Designated by Federal Reserve Board to Act as Executor, Trustee, Etc.

J. H. Worthington, *Pres't.* Wm. A. Pratt, *Vice-Pres't.* Chas. S. Hunter, *Cashier*
C. K. Hoge, *Asst. Cash.* W. B. Miller, *Asst. Cash.* Jas. C. Foster, *Trust Officer*

*W*E appreciate small
accounts and give
them the same attention as
large ones.

\$1.00 will start an account
at the

**Farmers and Merchants
Bank**

Staunton - - Virginia

"Simply Service"

We use only soft water in our
plant—that is the reason
for the whiteness of
our laundry work

*Staunton Steam
Laundry*

Phone 490 - Staunton, Va.

JOHN FALLON

Wholesale and Retail Florist

SPECIALTIES IN

Roses, Carnations, Violets and Chrysanthemums

Cut Flower Work of Every Description

JOHN FALLON, 25,000 feet
under glass

Staunton, Virginia

Fire Creek Coal and Coke Co.

Professional Building, Staunton, Va.

Specialty—Lump Coal

Coal---B. T. U., 16,198

Foundry Coke---Fixed Carbon, 91,940

Best by Test

Retailed by

A. ERSKINE MILLER

44 Middlebrook Avenue - Staunton, Virginia

WHERE THE WIRES LEAD

OUR STOCK FOLLOWS

If It is Electric, We Have It

Buy from us and be Satisfied

WE CARRY A COMPLETE LINE OF APPLIANCES AND FIXTURES

Staunton Lighting Company

— and —

Electric Supply Company

27 NORTH CENTRAL AVE.

**Augusta Furniture
Company**

*LADIES' DESK and
SHIRTWAIST BOXES*

The
**Columbia Grafanola
S H O P**

11-15 S. Augusta St.
STAUNTON - VIRGINIA

Bryan's Dept. Store

Agent for
VAN RAALTE SILK HOSE
Also
VAN RAALTE SILK GLOVES

Agent for
WOMEN'S CORSETS
and
BRASSIERS

C. P. Ford Shoes for
W O M E N

Bryan's Dept. Store

Staunton, Va.

LIFE FIRE CASUALTY

E. RUSSELL COVER

INSURANCE

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

ROOM 28. WITZ BLDG.

PHONE 834

Crummett

Keeps the dainties a school
girl "dotes" on

Cakes, Candies, Pastries

*Manufacturers of pure
delicious Ice Cream*

23 East Main Street

Phone 304

M. B. S.
Drug Store

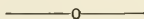


Thomas Hogshead, Inc.
Staunton, Virginia

Hoge-Berkeley

PHOTOGRAPHS OF DISTINCTION

22 East Main Street



OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHERS

— FOR —

M. B. S.

O. Z. Hoge

Edmund Berkeley



Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry, Silverware, Eastman Kodaks, Edison
Phonographs and Everything in Mary Baldwin Jewelry

Agents for 1921 and 1922 Class Pins

Special attention given to Mail Orders

H. L. LANG & CO., JEWELERS
Staunton, Va.

Smith Fuel & Ice Co.

Coal, Wood and Ice

Manufacturers of

Pure Plate Ice

Dealers in

Coal and Wood

105-107 West Frederick Street

STAUNTON

-

-

-

VIRGINIA

Augusta Military Academy Roller's School

"One of the ten Government Honor Schools"

A modern school with a country location in the famous Valley of Virginia. Endorsed by the Virginia Military Institute and other Universities. Army officer detailed by the War Department. Junior R. O. T. C. \$300,000 plant with absolutely fireproof barracks. Steam heat, electric lights and ample play grounds. School property covers 400 acres. Splendid athletic field and drill campus. Cadet bond of thirty-two pieces. Able faculty of College men, who take a personal interest in the boys' academic work and who coach all athletic teams. Enrollment limited to 300. Boys from thirty States and two Foreign Countries last year. Fifty-sixth session begins September 21st. Rates \$550.00.

For catalogue address

Col. Thos. J. Roller or Maj. Chas. S. Roller, Jr., Principals, Ft. Defiance, Va.

Condensed Statement of

The Staunton National Bank

OF STAUNTON, VA.

DEC. 31, 1921

Resources

Loans and Investment	\$732,916	47
U. S. Bonds	128,900	00
Furniture and Fixture	19,470	63
Cash on hand	30,121	44
Due from Banks	69,420	88
	980,829	42

Liabilities

Capital Stock	\$100,000	00
Surplus and Profits	55,008	24
Dividends Payable Jan. 3, 1922	4,000	00
Circulating Notes	81,000	00
Bills Payable	40,000	00
Rediscounts	102,485	00
Deposits	598,276	18
	980,829	42

3% Interest paid in Savings Department

B. E. VAUGHAN, President
E. W. RANDOLPH, Cashier
J. N. MCFARLAND, Vice-President
FRED M. FIFE, Assistant Cashier

Long or Short Trips Day or Night Service

**Lytton's
Automobile Livery**

STAUNTON, VA.

5 and 7 Passenger Cars

No. 7, South New Street

Telephones 1018—453-W

The Beverley Hotel

Staunton, Va.

I S ONLY two squares from the
M. B. S. where parents remain-
ing in the city for a length of time
can secure special rates.

*Special attention
given school patrons*

LEON C. WARE and W. S. CARROLL

Proprietors

Atlanta Lunch

Hot Dogs

and all kinds of Sandwiches

Soft Drinks

28 East Main St. Phone 547-J

Co-operative Drug Co., Inc.

Cut Rate Druggists

17 E. Main Street - Phone 702

BUICK

VALVE IN HEAD

MOTOR CARS

Sales Room and Service Station

23-25 S. New St.

Staunton Motor Co.

F. A. WALTER,
PHOTOGRAPHER

3 W. MAIN STREET

STAUNTON, VA.

The New Theatre

STAGE AND SCREEN ATTRACTIONS

Owned and Operated by the
NEW THEATRE CORPORATION

J. L. WITZ
ALBERT SHULTZ
F. L. OLIVIER

NED BURKE, House Manager

Pathe Phonographs

Latest Records
for all makes of phonographs

Home Comfort Company

13 North Central Avenue

For forty years we have been
printing programs and cir-
culars for the schools
of Staunton

CALL US UP

Julius J. Prufer

Successor to Stoneburner & Prufer
PRINTERS SINCE 1882

11 N. Augusta St. - Staunton, Va.

Books of all publishers
at publishers' price

Text Books for Schools
Prompt Attention to All Orders

The Book Depository

E. B. LIPSCOMB

Room 16 - Crowle Building
STAUNTON, VA.

Compliments

of

A Friend



BALTIMORE - MARYLAND
ENGRAVING COMPANY.
28 S. CHARLES ST. BALTIMORE, MD.
ARTISTS - ENGRAVERS

Too Valuable to Lose

While You Travel—

Are you going to be worrying about your baggage? It will be subjected to many of the hazards of transportation, and damage or theft is not unlikely. You can be assured that even such happenings will not cause you a financial loss—provided you are protected by an Aetna Personal Effects Policy. The cost is low for the peace of mind it gives. We will gladly tell you about it.

Be Wise—Aetna-ize.

JACOB HEVENER

Witz Building

Staunton, Va.

“Your Physician on Insurance”

New Music Store

**All Kinds of Musical
Merchandise**

122 W. Main Street

Next to Western Union Office

Agent for C. G. Conn, Saxophones

Phone 658-J

**Subscribe to the
Miscellany**



THE IDOL OF M.B.S.

College Printing

ANNUALS, CATALOGUES, MAGAZINES,

WHEN you wish to have a fine book, catalogue, annual, or magazine printed you naturally go to a specialist, in that class of work—we *are* specialists, which is proven by the repeat orders received by us from year to year. Give us a trial order.

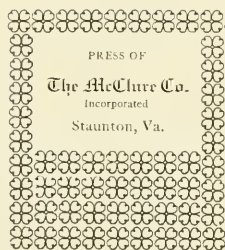
Promptness

Efficiency

S e r v i c e

The McClure Co., Inc.

NO. 19 WEST FREDERICK STREET
STAUNTON - - - - - VIRGINIA



PRESS OF

The McClure Co.

Incorporated

Staunton, Va.

LIBRARY OF
MARY BALDWIN COLLEGE

